

Political War—*J. Alvarez del Vayo*

THE *Nation*

July 22, 1950

Caught Short on Korea

BY JAMES M. MINIFIE

With an Editorial on America's Asian Policy

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Founders of "*The Nation*"

Godkin

Villard

BY ALLAN NEVINS

BY LEWIS GANNETT

JUL 21 1950

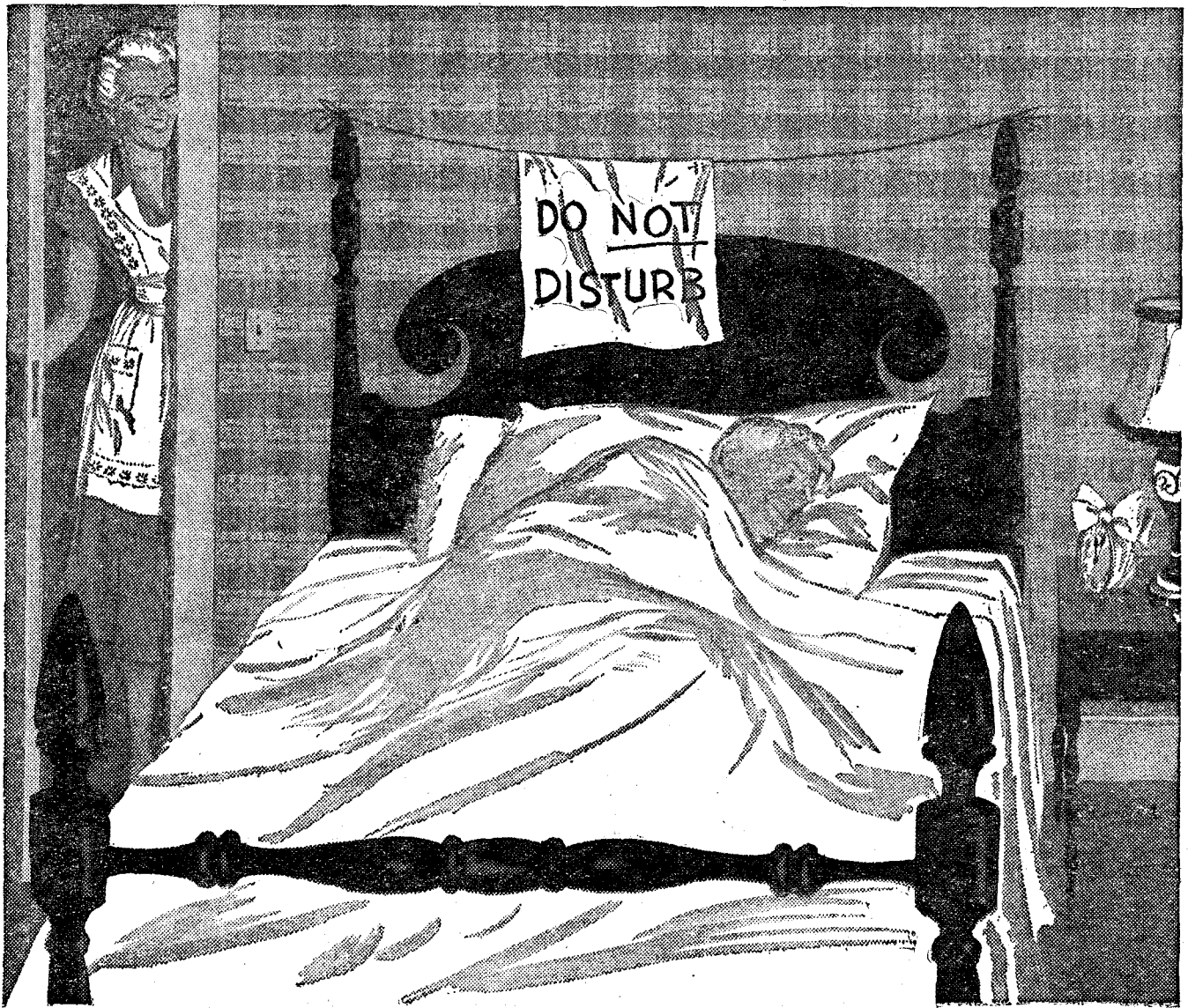
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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

THIS WEEK MARKS THE EIGHTY-FIFTH YEAR of *The Nation's* existence. Without being a slave to the sentimentalities common to such occasions, we are none the less pleased to publish in this issue evaluations of two of the men who molded this journal—Edwin Lawrence Godkin and Oswald Garrison Villard. These sketches, by Allan Nevins and Lewis Gannett, are offered with the double purpose of giving our readers a sense of the continuity of *The Nation* throughout its long career and to pay tribute to men whose influence, we like to feel, is still discernible in our pages. Other features marking this anniversary are being planned and will appear in the course of the year.

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POINT FOUR ASSUMES A NEW URGENCY IN view of the Korean war. North Korean troops fight better than South Korean not merely because they are better armed and trained but because the Communist program offers them land, hope, and other things not evident in the performance of the kind of government headed by Syngman Rhee. Much the same situation exists in the other underdeveloped areas supported by the United States against Communist infiltration and assault. Industrialism such as the United States has developed may offer a higher standard of life in the long run than any likely to emerge in Russia, but as John Maynard Keynes once remarked, in the long run we shall all be dead. Inducements to private capital to invest in backward regions have not been sufficient to overcome the natural timidity of investors in an unsettled world. Perhaps Congressional action to guarantee the transfer of any earned profits, or even to insure investors against political confiscation, will tempt a few more dollars than would otherwise be offered, but the job, especially at the beginning, will scarcely be done in this manner. Much larger investments in non-profit undertakings needed as the basis of a growing economy, such as roads, health, and agricultural reform, would be more to the point, and these must be publicly financed. For this reason there is far more hope in the reported willingness of the International Bank to raise its sights. Its scope and resources will have to be considerably broadened if real headway is to be made.

TO ANYONE WITH A MEMORY INCAPABLE OF going back more than sixteen months the Republican Party must seem to emerge in all innocence from last week's killing of a law for fair employment practices. Thirty-three Republican Senators voted to block a filibuster by invoking cloture, while only six voted against. On the Democratic side of the aisle only twenty-two favored cloture and twenty-seven opposed. In view of this count, the Republicans are gleefully pinning responsibility on their opponents. But the truth is that the blame lies wholly with the G. O. P. leaders—especially Senators Vandenberg, Taft, Wherry, and Knowland. These are the men who in March of 1949 engineered the so-called "compromise" with the Southern Democrats on the question of limiting Senate debate. Administration forces had asked for a simple rule whereby, after a fixed time, a majority could choke off further discussion. But the Republicans insisted on making cloture dependent on a two-thirds' vote of the entire membership, actually a more stringent requirement than the old rule, under which a "gag" could be applied by a two-thirds' vote of Senators present. All they asked, in return, was that the same rule apply to motions to take up a bill as to the bill itself. It was perfectly plain that their "compromise" doomed the President's civil-rights program, that it set up what Senator Morse, himself a Republican, calls an "insurmountable roadblock." But tactically it was a great victory, giving the Republicans the best of two worlds. The Dixiecrats are in their debt, and at the same time they can point piously to their votes in favor of a cloture which they knew could not be enacted. To this devious maneuver there is no counter-attack except to go on working for an outright liberal majority. Until the grip of the present coalition is broken there can be no chance for a real program of civil-rights legislation.

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ONLY A DEVOTEE OF THE LESSER-EVIL school of politics can take comfort in Olin D. Johnston's victory over J. Strom Thurmond in South Carolina's Democratic primary. The two candidates for the United States Senate put on a running contest in abusing President Truman and proving themselves innocent of the slightest departure from the code of white supremacy. In this dreary battle Thurmond had the edge. As the Dixiecrats' standard-bearer in 1948 he could stand on a record of outright rebellion from the Truman-led

• IN THIS ISSUE •

EDITORIALS

The Shape of Things	69
Rights and Liberties	71
America's Asian Policy <i>by Freda Kirchwey</i>	72

ARTICLES

Caught Short on Korea <i>by James M. Minifie</i>	73
Political War <i>by J. Alvarez del Vayo</i>	75
E. L. Godkin: Victorian Liberal <i>by Allan Nevins</i>	76
Villard and His "Nation" <i>by Lewis Gannett</i>	79
Beside the Point <i>by Margaret Marshall and Robert Bendiner</i>	82
Yugoslavia Reappraised: III. The Intellectual Climate <i>by Alexander Werth</i>	83
Brothels into Dormitories <i>by Sanford Gottlieb</i>	85
Infection Spots in India <i>by Shiva Rao</i>	86
TV and the Children <i>by James N. Miller</i>	87

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Byron: Aristocratic Radical <i>by Ernest Jones</i>	88
Our European Policy <i>by Thomas J. Hamilton</i>	89
Leo Stein <i>by Joseph Wood Krutch</i>	89
Current Economic Problems <i>by Harvey Levin</i>	90
Verse Chronicle <i>by Rolfe Humphries</i>	91
Art <i>by S. Lane Faison, Jr.</i>	91
Facts on Film <i>by Mary Anne Guitar</i>	93
Music <i>by B. H. Haggin</i>	94

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 95

CROSSWORD PUZZLE NO. 371 *by Frank W. Lewis* 95

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party while the most Johnston could do was to insist that by remaining in the fold he was instrumental in saving the white race from the catastrophe of a Fair Employment Practices Act. There is a sad irony in the fact that Johnston's margin of victory was delivered by the labor and Negro vote, but in the last analysis there was cold logic as well. The defeat of Thurmond in his own state is a body blow to a clique which is perhaps the last organized gasp of the Confederacy; the victory of Johnston is merely the election of a routine politician whose stand on race is at least in part a reflection of the competition he faced, and whose voting record has been generally pro-labor. ★

IN THE SAME PRIMARY THE HONORABLE James F. Byrnes, former Senator, War Mobilizer, Justice of the Supreme Court, and Secretary of State, crowned his glories with the nomination for governor that could have been his any time these past twenty years. That he should have made the effort at seventy-one seems suspiciously like a measure of his political bitterness. As with others who lost the grand prize—he wanted the vice-presidency in 1944, which would have put him in the White House—Byrnes seems determined to make life hard for his successful rival. He means to persuade his fellow-governors to stop going to Washington, "hat in hand," in pursuit of federal favors and to give his declining years to a fight against the "welfare state" which in the Senate he helped to create—the same sorry road traveled by that greater and even more embittered man, Alfred E. Smith. ★

THE DECISION OF CONGRESS NOT TO REDUCE excise taxes at this time indicates some appreciation of the fact that the budget ought to be balanced if we are to avoid inflation, which is usually experienced in a period of military activity. Day by day it becomes more apparent that victory in Korea will be expensive, and its cost must be added to the deficit which would have occurred anyway as a consequence of previous tax reduction. If operations have to be extended to other areas, expenditures will mount higher; even the preparation for possible action will increase people's purchasing power faster than additional goods become available for them to buy. The surest way to strengthen the nation's economy would be promptly to enact new taxes. If, by a lucky chance, the money should not be needed for military purposes, a good surplus would do no harm as long as any tendency to inflation is evident. It goes without saying, of course, that the best source to tap is the profits of the corporations that will benefit, directly or indirectly, from government war orders. Excess-profits taxes, enacted and enforced early in any mobilization, are the necessary basis for an effective anti-inflation program.

HEYWOOD PATTERSON WON HIS FREEDOM in a federal court in Detroit last week, and the Scottsboro case is drawing toward a happier ending than most of us thought possible in the heated days of its origin nineteen years ago. All that remains is for Alabama's Governor Folsom to act upon his expressed belief that the people of his state wish to consider the case closed—that is, to grant a full pardon. This would remove the danger of any further attempts to extradite Patterson should he leave Michigan. The Governor's attitude, by the way, is a good deal more enlightened than that of FBI agents in Detroit. No sooner had Patterson's sensational autobiography, "Scottsboro Boy," appeared in bookstores than they picked its author up, without the request of Alabama officials or the sanction of the Attorney General. Their diligence in this instance contrasts strikingly with their refusal to enter the Reuther cases, in the same state, until Mr. McGrath ordered them to do so, twenty months after Walter Reuther had escaped assassination by a fraction of an inch. *

ALTHOUGH THE PULITZER PRIZE FOR THE best national reporting in 1949 went to Edwin O. Guthman of the Seattle *Times* for unearthing the evidence that cleared Dr. Melvin Rader of the University of Washington of the charge of having attended a Communist school in New York in 1938, the American press has allowed an even more sensational sequel to Mr. Guthman's disclosures to suffer oblivion. Very few newspapers, even on the West Coast, have given a headline to the report recently released by Smith Troy, Washington's District Attorney, upon the conclusion of his investigation into the Rader case. The Troy report not only confirms Dr. Rader's "innocence" but discloses that the Canwell committee—Washington's little un-American activities committee—possessed conclusive proof of the truth of his denials at the very moment it called him a liar. The Attorney General discovered that a Canwell committee investigator signed a receipt for certain pages in the guest book of the Canyon Creek Lodge proving that Dr. Rader and his wife had spent the summer of his supposed Communist indoctrination three thousand miles from the New York school. "In the Seattle office of the Canwell committee," Mr. Troy states, "the trail of the documents became very confused." The investigator who signed the receipt turned them over to the assistant chief investigator, who turned them over to the chief investigator, who couldn't remember ever having seen them. Albert Canwell, former committee chairman, at first said he knew nothing about the missing sheets; when the Attorney General undertook to investigate the committee files, Canwell "found" all but the most important of them—the pages covering the Raders' arrival at the lodge. Yet one of those he did turn over carried a notation confirming the

Raders' visit. This evidence had been suppressed by the committee, as were supporting affidavits from the Canyon Creek personnel. In short, the real issue in the Rader case was the Truth vs. Albert Canwell.

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PLANS FOR THE BILLION-DOLLAR "UPPER Colorado River storage project" have finally emerged from the decade-long blueprint phase and will be submitted to Congress for approval this winter with the indorsement of Oscar Chapman, Secretary of the Interior. The plans call for the construction of ten dams on the Colorado, one or two of which will rival Boulder Dam in size and cost. Six will be in Colorado, two in Utah, one in New Mexico, and one in Arizona. First on the list is the Echo Park Dam, to be built at the juncture of the Green and Yampa rivers, inside the Dinosaur National Monument in northwestern Colorado. When completed, the ten dams will bring water to 500,000 acres of sagebrush desert land and will generate 9,000,000 kilowatt-hours of power annually for rural and industrial use. Although the project will doubtless meet with opposition, the fact that the Senate has ratified and the President approved the compact entered into by the states of the upper Colorado basin at Vernal, Utah, on July 31, 1948, should consolidate Western support for a development scheme which is likely to be the most ambitious and important of the decade.

Rights and Liberties

WITHIN the last three years a distinction has developed between "civil rights" and "civil liberties" that clearly reflects a tendency to reject the moral commitment to preserve our freedom which is part of the American heritage. The fact that President Truman appointed a committee on civil rights rather than civil liberties attracted little attention at the time, but its significance has since been emphasized. For example, Philip B. Perlman, Solicitor General of the United States, speaking before the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith in Chicago on May 13, implied that civil rights are essentially those rights which government should affirmatively safeguard, such as the right to be spared discrimination on the grounds of race, color, or creed; while civil liberties are those rights which the individual asserts *against* government, such as freedom of thought and speech. The distinction is implicit in "the shield and the sword" metaphor developed by Robert K. Carr, formerly executive director of the President's Committee on Civil Rights, in his book "Federal Protection of Civil Rights." In the case of civil liberties the government is merely a "shield"; in the case of civil rights it can be a sword to strike down discrimination. But what if the price which government demands for

the affirmative protection of civil rights is acquiescence in the curtailment of civil liberties?

Up to a point, the distinction between rights and liberties is valid, but it has been given a dangerous extension, and in a sense the danger was inherent in the distinction. For the distinction implies that government can act affirmatively to safeguard "rights" which it bestows but need not protect "liberties" which are asserted against government and can therefore easily acquire "anti-governmental" implications. Agitation for the first becomes proper and meets with the approval of the Administration, which likes to be cast in the role of paterfamilias to racial minorities strategically distributed in states with a large electoral vote; whereas agitation for civil liberties inferentially constitutes an improper concern for the sharp thornlike rights which run counter to the hardening ideology of big business. Doubtless the distinction was never intended to serve as a rationalization, but it is being so used, and most conveniently, since it enables spokesmen for the Administration to mouth the right phrases while avoiding many of the tough issues and decisions.

That the distinction has now achieved wide acceptance is revealed in a report of the American Jewish Congress and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People entitled "Civil Rights in the United States in 1949." In the foreword appears this statement: "This report, like the previous one for 1948, deals with civil *rights*—namely, with those civil *liberties* which are denied to persons because of their race, color, religion, or national origin or ancestry." In short, civil rights are a special category of civil liberties. This is an innocent-appearing and, within limits, perhaps even a useful distinction, but it enables defense organizations like these to turn in a report on "civil rights" which for all practical purposes ignores precisely those areas of civil liberties under most direct attack. Specifically, the distinction made it possible for both organizations to conclude that "the year 1949 witnessed a number of encouraging developments in the protection and extension of civil rights in the United States." The statement is accurate, but it diverts attention—and most regrettably—from the fact that 1949 also witnessed major attacks on civil liberties *by government*.

This tendency to separate civil liberties into categories is inherently dangerous; it is also extremely unrealistic. Civil liberties are cognate, interrelated, interdependent rights. It is quite far-fetched to assume that one side of the structure of freedom can be strengthened while another is being weakened. A glance at the vote in Congress on key civil-liberties issues shows, for example, that the forces that have blocked the FEPC have been the same forces that have supported the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

America's Asian Policy

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

A PIECE by Arthur Krock in the *New York Times* the other day put forward an odd theory to explain why Prime Minister Nehru finally indorsed the United Nations resolution calling for military sanctions against North Korea. According to Mr. Krock, it was President Truman's directive speeding up and increasing American arms shipments to the French in Indo-China that swept away Nehru's doubts and convinced him the United States had acted unselfishly in Korea in defense of peace and the independence of the Asian nations.

So absurd is this explanation, that one is inclined to brush it off as the momentary aberration of an experienced reporter. Obviously, the facts all point the other way. India is profoundly suspicious of French motives in Indo-China. Nehru has not recognized Ho Chi Minh's rebel government, but neither has he recognized the puppet "empire" headed by Bao Dai. And he knows, moreover, that the other Asian states regard the French war in Indo-China with even greater antipathy than they did the Dutch action in Indonesia. The idea that American aid to the French-Bao Dai forces could convince the Indian leader of our devotion to national "independence" in Asia is about as far-fetched as anything a columnist ever cooked up. Far more persuasive was the simple fact of our prompt answer to the aggression of the North Koreans.

Just the same it would be risky to dismiss Mr. Krock's commentary as sheer moonshine, first because he is one of the best-informed men in Washington and second because the story carries the plain stigmata of an "inside" job. When he credits this brilliantly persuasive stroke to Ambassador Henderson and Mr. Lacy of the Division of Southeast Asian affairs, he undoubtedly speaks with knowledge. A palpably untenable theory that has the State Department behind it calls for close examination.

What, then, does this story mean? It means, I am afraid, that the United States is laying down a political course in Southeast Asia that goes far beyond the supposed requirements of the Korean war. It means that the State Department is paving the way for an open reversal of the democratic, anti-imperialist policy we have professed and in part supported. For several years that policy has wavered and sagged as the need of countering Russia strengthened the hand of the military and State Department right wing. Gradually, the idea of throwing out reactionaries and instituting reforms, or encouraging the forces that demanded them, has given way to a pervasive desire to keep the troublemakers out and the willing stooges in. This happened from the start in southern Korea. It happened more slowly in Japan, where we had an occupation set-up that included some

people with ideas and some who took seriously the early plans for land reform and cartel-busting and democratizing. It is happening now in Indo-China; and soon American planes and guns, and perhaps American troops, may be in action against the Communist-led rebel peasants in the Philippine mountains. And all of this will be tagged "defense of national independence" instead of being plainly marked "military prescription for licking the Communists."

If experienced Washington correspondents can make people believe that such a policy is not only acceptable to Mr. Nehru but the very cause of his conversion to the U. N. position, the tag will carry a good deal more conviction than it otherwise would. But it will be a false claim just the same.

NO ONE yet knows exactly what terms the Indian Prime Minister proposed when he offered to mediate the Korean conflict. His messages to Stalin and Acheson have not been published; nor has Stalin's reply to him. But correspondents in India and at the U. N. believe he has suggested a "package" settlement which would include the return of the North Korean forces to their own territory, the admission of Communist China to the U. N., and the end of the Soviet boycott. And diplomats in Moscow are reported as believing that Stalin wants to stop the war in Korea, and as we go to press word from New Delhi indicates that he has sent a favorable response to Nehru's letter.

Washington has not yet replied. It is most improbable, however, that either the United States or the United Nations would today consider proposals that attached conditions to the withdrawal of the North Koreans. The most they are likely to promise is that once the withdrawal is accomplished they will discuss plans for unifying the country and holding new elections. As for the question of China's representation in the U. N., it is formally at least a separate one and can hardly be attached as a rider to a U. N. agreement on Korea. Besides which, neither the international situation nor domestic political considerations are such as to encourage open concessions on the part of the State Department. But the admission of Communist China is urgent and might be brought about by the combined efforts of Britain and India in the Security Council, especially as Mr. Acheson has said that the United States will not use the veto to prevent it.

But all this will come about, of course, only if the United States and Soviet Russia want it to. Russia will have to make the first and most positive move by calling off the North Korean forces. But the United States will have to change its direction almost as decisively. Mr. Truman's pronouncement on Formosa, Indo-China, and the Philippines was not, as Mr. Krock tried to tell us, a reassurance to the other Asian nations. It was a military

measure, intended to strengthen and maintain the powers that be in each strategic area. The state of mind it expressed would preclude hope of political stability in Eastern Asia. In fact, no settlement in Korea itself will last beyond the departure of the American troops unless the United States is prepared to accept the ousting of the Syngman Rhee dictatorship and the system of police rule and privileges on which it is balanced. As for Japan, it cannot be transformed into an ally of this country, or even of the United Nations, without throwing the rest of Asia into panic.

We had to use military measures to stop military aggression. But even if those measures should succeed beyond all present reasonable expectations, they will have accomplished little more than the single objective unless they are fortified with a political program that revives the faith of Asia in our liberating purpose. American intervention has itself thrust upon us the inescapable necessity of picking up the tasks of democracy which we shirked or tossed aside in Korea and Japan, not to mention those countries where our power was less direct. And the time to launch such a program is now while the bombs are falling and proposals of mediation are in the making.

Caught Short on Korea

BY JAMES M. MINIFIE

Washington, July 14

THE first realization that the Korean campaign may be a long, tough war is beginning to break over us, and we are picking ourselves out of the surf a bit bedraggled and short of breath. The broad picture was described with quiet clarity by Lieutenant General Bedell Smith, formerly General Eisenhower's Chief of Staff, one-time ambassador to Moscow, and at present commanding general of the First Army. He was speaking before a Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee in hearings on the Benton resolution for a brave new Voice of America. Smith said—and it is the first time to my knowledge that this has been recognized publicly by a general officer of the United States army—that power rested on three bases: military and economic strength and propaganda. He would not attempt to compare them in importance. Each one, he said, was indispensable. Our effort, present and potential, must be built on all three.

Militarily we are in the position in which democracies usually find themselves at the outbreak of hostilities. All our plans to save money by cutting down the armed forces are bearing, earlier than anyone expected, the Dead Sea fruit which the spokesmen of the armed services predicted. The divisions that looked so well on

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paper turn out to be so starved of men as to be virtually inoperable. Even the two marine divisions are one-third under strength. And the marine brigade which used to be based on Guam appears to have vanished.

Our difficulty was that nobody quite knew what the military establishment was designed to do. If the Joint Chiefs themselves had known, their pleas might have had more force. But everybody agreed on two things: that it would take nine to fifteen months for the United States war effort to get under way, and that no leeway would be granted us this time; no allies would buy nine to fifteen months of preparation for us. The costly military establishment was therefore designed to do certain unspecified things if it were given reasonable time, a qualification which everyone admitted was unlikely. It was probably planned to fight World War II, and would have done an excellent job if given the opportunity. It was not designed to move overnight into action. It did not have war-strength units, expeditionary-force organization, transport, training, or tradition for such operations.

Consequently when the call came the armed forces were unable to respond. General J. Lawton Collins, army Chief of Staff, had barely finished his oral demonstration that the era of air-borne operations had come and the day of sea-borne units and amphibious landings was over when General Douglas MacArthur demanded troops urgently. It then developed that there was no air lift available, and that reinforcements, such as they were, would have to go by sea—as soon as transports could be found, chartered, or taken out of mothballs.

The result, as Senator Tydings has pointed out, is that the problem of logistics is now extremely difficult. It will be some weeks before troops can arrive in the battle area. But it will be only a matter of days before the question is decided whether we can hold a perimeter around Pusan, at the southeast tip of Korea, or face a new Dunquerque. And it will be months before we can build up enough strength to take the offensive.

ON THE economic side we appear to be committed to a policy of business as near usual as possible. In an election year that is probably what we must expect. President Truman has made it pretty plain that price controls and rationing will be imposed only as a last resort, though experience shows that such checks must be imposed early to be successful. Compare the difference between the rise in the cost of living in Canada and that in the United States during World War II. Canada imposed tight controls early, and its cost of living remained far below that of the United States until controls were abandoned after the war.

Prices have already started to rise, and if the trend continues, the Administration will probably try to work through tax increases and forced savings to siphon

off the surplus spending power which is supporting the advance.

When Stuart Symington went over to the National Security Resources Board he took two weeks off to study the industrial mobilization problem which was likely to arise as a result of war and the likeliest ways of meeting it. Some high-powered mobilization planning is now under way. But it had hardly started when Congress adventitiously gave the President an economic weapon so powerful that it may supersede the others. It did this when it hurriedly extended the Selective Service Act of 1948 instead of beating out a compromise on the two new versions produced by the House and Senate.

This act contained a strange clause indeed to have been passed in time of peace by a Republican Congress. Thrown in during a last-minute legislative frenzy, it authorized the President to seize any industry which did not do right by defense contracts, and subjected the directors to imprisonment as felons and fines up to \$50,000. Legislators were so confused in the final voting on this bill on the hot night of June 19, 1948, that they literally did not know what was in it. The act has now been extended for two years, and its powers may make national-mobilization legislation unnecessary.

The crisis caught the stockpiling program off guard. Rubber, tin, manganese, chrome, and other strategic materials are in short supply. Otherwise the country is in excellent economic shape and can support, according to Leon Keyserling, a much higher level of military expenditure without inflation.

It is in the third aspect of national power that we are the worst off—that of propaganda. A beginning has been made toward setting up the structure of a great propaganda body, but the spirit which should inform it has not yet been breathed into it. This arises in part from the gross ignorance of foreign ideas, sentiments, reactions, history, and geography which still marks not only the average American but unfortunately the average Congressman. There is no realization here of the strength and appeal of the Stockholm peace petition, which will not evaporate merely by our calling it a phony. There is no realization at all of the horror with which other nations regard even the threat of the atomic bomb. Yet Congressmen bounce up amid applause to demand that we threaten to atom-bomb North Korean cities unless the Northern forces withdraw behind the Thirty-eighth Parallel. Propaganda-wise nothing could be more catastrophic. The distortions and calumny with which Senator McCarthy has harried the State Department complete our rout in the field of propaganda—equal, as General Smith pointed out, to the military and economic factors in the trinity of modern power. We are taking our worst licking, not from hard-fighting North Korean troops, but from irresponsible and undisciplined Congressmen.

Political War

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Geneva, July 12

DURING World War II *The Nation* carried a special section called Political War, which it was my privilege to edit. The underlying idea was that a modern war is as much a political as a military effort. Skilful generalship, the best and newest weapons, brave soldiers are not enough; both the troops at the front and the people at home must have at least the feeling that their cause is worth fighting and dying for. President Roosevelt understood this perfectly. He endowed the Allied coalition with a political, economic, and social purpose. That afterward few of the promises and undertakings were fulfilled was not his fault. It was the fault of those who abandoned his goal—destruction of the fascist dictatorships—and allied themselves with fascists or old-fashioned reactionaries.

Here in Geneva, where many distinguished persons are gathered for the sessions of the Economic and Social Council and other U. N. agencies, I have met no one who does not realize that the war in Korea also is predominantly a political war. The first phase of the military campaign recalls the German invasion of Poland and France. The Communist army advanced with such speed that in less than fifteen days the South Korean army was hors de combat; now the Americans will have to bring in a real expeditionary force, and the reconquest of Korea may be a long and difficult operation. That, at least, is the way the situation is viewed here. The resemblance to the campaigns in Poland and France appears even stronger when one recalls that the Poland of Colonel Beck and the France of Georges Bonnet were politically rotten, infiltrated with fascists, and unwilling to offer the masses anything for which they would fight. The South Korean government is similarly incapable of arousing the fighting spirit of the people.

It would be the same in Spain if, contrary to all indications, the Korean war developed into a general war. For months various American Senators, Representatives, and military men have been demanding the inclusion of Franco in the Atlantic system and have described Franco's army as one of the best in Europe. Warnings that if Franco, in the event of a new war in Europe, ordered a general mobilization, the Spanish soldiers would turn their guns against the dictator have been laughed off by the experts of the State Department and the Pentagon as the wishful thinking of exiles. But I still insist that what has occurred in Korea would be repeated in Spain: the people would not fight to keep a detested regime in power.

"What sort of coalition will the West oppose to Rus-

sia?" a man of wide experience in international politics asked a little group of us who, between meetings, were discussing the world situation. "A collection of governments some of which may be called liberal but which are none the less dominated by the various Catholic parties, at least so far as the Continent is concerned?" "We can win in Korea," he continued; "we shall certainly win if Russia and China do not enter the war. In three months, or in six, or in a year the Americans will have pulverized the North Koreans. But we also won the last war, from the military point of view, and lost it politically. That may happen again."

The cuts in the appropriation for the Point 4 program voted recently by the American Congress made a painful impression here. Congress seems to have granted the President everything he asked in the way of military appropriations and made Point 4 the victim. Most people believe it would be a political tragedy if the Asian problem were treated as mainly a military one.

The Russians, for their part, are effectively exploiting the propaganda value of *their* "Point 4." The Moscow radio constantly plays up the new measures of social and economic justice introduced by the North Korean army as it advances. The land reform put in force by the victors, it is announced, provides that the land shall belong to those who work it. That, too, is political war.

MY BELIEF that Russia will not enter the war has been fortified here in Geneva. Moscow would find a sufficient reason for staying out—even if it had no other—in the opportunity thereby offered for playing a diplomatic role full of tempting possibilities. The assumption that Russia will *not* get into the war keeps people here from feeling utterly grim. Otherwise, we would face the prospect of a war waged in Asia and in Europe, both separated by thousands of miles from the United States. A war on two fronts is what every military leader in history has feared most, even when the element of distance was not so critical a factor. The Russians could force this on America if they seized the moment to attack in Germany or Yugoslavia.

It is the fear that Russia may reap a great advantage from the course of events in Korea, joined to their unwillingness to sacrifice their favorable position in Asia, that causes the British to think so much about mediation. In Geneva people realize the difficulties in the way of mediation while the North Koreans are still pounding ahead: their advancing armies would hardly consent to withdraw to the Thirty-eighth Parallel; even less would the South's retreating armies be willing to accept a

compromise before they have had an opportunity to reverse the situation. On the other hand, from a military point of view the difficulties will be no less after six weeks or six months; in fact, they may be greater as time goes on and more blood is shed and more bitterness accumulated—not to mention the growing danger of enlargement of the conflict. For this reason there is great interest here in the Moscow conversations between British Ambassador Kelly and Foreign Minister Gromyko that followed Premier Nehru's mediation proposal. Although some consider these moves premature, the mere fact that certain channels of negotiation remain

open is especially important now that the United Nations, the natural forum for such discussion, is for the moment ruled out. As I foresaw in my last article, the Indian plan is based on Communist China's being seated in the Security Council, thus making it possible for Russia to return and take part in the procedure of the United Nations. As interesting politically as Nehru's proposal is the resolution signed by twenty-three Labor members of the British Parliament which asserts that a solution will not be found merely in a Korean settlement and calls for a full-scale peace conference at which the entire world situation would be discussed.

E. L. Godkin: Victorian Liberal

BY ALLAN NEVINS

IT WAS in 1868, only three years after *The Nation* was founded, that James Russell Lowell told a dinner-table he "deliberately thought that its discussions of politics had done more good and influenced opinion more than any other agency, or all others combined, in the country." And it was after Godkin's retirement that William James, looking back over the preceding generation, declared that "his was certainly the towering influence in all thought concerning public affairs, and indirectly his influence has certainly been more pervasive than that of any other writer."

To understand the scope and force of the work done by *The Nation* under Godkin we must recall the position of the United States when the first number appeared in 1865. The country had just emerged from four years of terrible anxiety, losses, and suffering. The murder of Lincoln and the surrender of the South were still reverberant events. If the people were exalted by their memories of Vicksburg and Chattanooga, Gettysburg and the Wilderness, they were oppressed by thought of the heavy problems ahead—the reconstruction of sullen conquered states, the succoring of four million ignorant, destitute Negroes, the disposal of an apparently staggering national debt, the battle with political and social corruptions which, grave enough in 1860, had been multiplied by the war.

For dealing with its transformed situation, the United States had an inferior equipment in ideas, leaders, and institutions. As Bryce was to observe in the mid-eighties, the tone of public life was lower than one would expect to find in so great a nation. The ruling spirit was ma-

terialistic, greedy, and vulgar. The best talent in the country turned away from public life; for a long generation no political figure emerged with half the ability, resourcefulness, and single-minded concentration that Rockefeller, Carnegie, and Hill brought to the oil, steel, and railroad business. The appearance of a man of fierce stubborn honesty like Grover Cleveland was regarded as a strange and refreshing phenomenon.

It was the urgent pressure of one problem, the freed slaves, that gave Edwin Lawrence Godkin, educated by Queens College in Belfast, by that fine liberal journal the London *Daily News*, and by ten years of legal and editorial work in America, his opportunity. For J. L. McKim, Frederick Law Olmsted, and others who contributed or gathered money to found *The Nation* had the future of the bewildered black men at heart. But Godkin had a broader intention. His object was to apply certain broad reform principles to American affairs; his avowed method was to base his course on the facts of human nature and the experience of history. He seized his opportunity as no other man in the country could have done.

Let there be no mistake about his three principal achievements. The first was that he made *The Nation*—that is, he created and sustained a weekly journal of criticism, growing stronger decade by decade, in a country which seemed unripe for it and in which similar ventures died after a year or two. His second achievement was in applying with remarkable effectiveness, considering the high intellectual level on which he worked, the principles of Manchester liberalism at a time when America really needed those principles. And his final and greatest achievement was in bettering that tone of public life which Bryce, Lowell, Carl Schurz, and others found so deplorably low; in making the idea that public office is a public trust a living force.

ALLAN NEVINS, professor of American history at Columbia University, is the author of many works of history and biography. In 1913-18 he was an editorial writer for *The Nation*.

To create *The Nation* seemed easy—after it was done. Actually it involved planting in a country without any sizable intellectual class, with few professional literary men, and with little leisure or taste, the kind of critical review which had found existence precarious even in Britain and France. Godkin accomplished it partly by making *The Nation* a journal of attack. His idea was to see his weekly “instinctively dreaded by every charlatan and scoundrel in the country.” He accomplished it partly by being not only a great editorial writer but an efficient editor with an instinct for what made news. He drew to his side capable assistants; he engaged a long list of the ablest American and British contributors; he arranged for good London and Continental correspondence.

Above all, it was Godkin's style and wit—always at the service of his basic principles—which made *The Nation*. He was equally concerned to avoid the artificial on one side and the banal on the other. He refused to sacrifice logic or truth to expression, and the pyrotechnics of Oscar Wilde or the exaggerations of Dana were never seen in his columns. His wit always hit the nail on the head. Thus his remark in 1898 that “Hanna has told Duty to tell Destiny to tell the President to keep the Philippines,” but that “we believe Destiny will lie low and say nothing until after election,” precisely summed up the situation. In general, however, Godkin's style was quiet, informed, cultivated, and more concerned with convincing than with dazzling. He could strike out a memorable phrase—“chromo civilization.” He could use slashing epithets—“filthy and mendacious.” But the more an editorial read like one of Burke's the better he liked it.

EVERY generation likes to think itself both wiser and more radical than its predecessor, and Godkin's generation has suffered from our tendency to hold that as some of its precepts are false and inadequate in 1950, they must have been false in 1870 or 1890. Victorian liberalism came out of Adam Smith and Say, Thornton, and Ricardo, Huskisson and Peel—figures now antiquated indeed. It held that economic activities, like the physical movements of nature, are examples of uniform, unvarying law which produce beneficent results if not artificially resisted. It declared that government was—in William Cullen Bryant's positive words—“not a fraternal or eleemosynary institution erected to perform deeds of charity, nor a commercial company created to look after, foster, nurse, and coddle particular lines of business; it is a strictly juridical institution, whose supreme purpose is to uphold justice, liberty, and order, and nothing more.” Godkin belonged to his own time in taking this narrow view of government. He was at his worst in his denunciation of trade unions seeking an eight-hour day and of farmers complaining of 12 per cent mortgages. In the name of Victorian liberalism

he could at times seem snobbish, cruel, and tyrannical.

Yet Godkin was more truly liberal than many members of the Manchester School; he belonged rather to the John Stuart Mill advance guard than the Herbert Spencer diehards. In the 1860's and 1870's, for example, he did not flinch at carrying government regulation into some social spheres. He desired Washington to do more for the education, economic betterment, and political training of the Negro. He thought that national authority should prevent some kinds of social disorder. Reflecting his concern for education, *The Nation* showed more interest after the war in the new land-grant universities, and particularly their colleges of agriculture, than almost any other publication. Godkin advocated an impartial fact-finding tariff commission forty years before it came into shadowy existence under Taft.

Often accused of a reactionary attitude toward labor in its disputes with capital, Godkin held opinions which require a more discriminating appraisal than is sometimes given them. He disliked strikes, especially when accompanied by violence. He was opposed on principle to any governmental intervention in capital-labor relations except to maintain order. Some of his practical applications of these convictions in 1886 and 1893 had a harsh and repressive quality. Yet he did see that labor often got a bad deal. “I could show that in this matter the law of supply and demand, by which economists dispose of it, does not cover the case,” he wrote in 1867; “that the workingman's poverty, ignorance, and social position prevent his being what the economists assume him to be, a free agent contracting with free knowledge, and yet the ordinary condemnation of strikes, which one hears so often, is based on this assumption.” He thought that any permanent betterment in the lot of labor must come from an increase in production. But he insisted that it *should* come.

A convinced believer in democracy as the best political system, Godkin made *The Nation* from its earliest issues an advocate of universal adult suffrage, with no limitation but a literacy test. It was because he believed the suffrage was an educative agent, not an abstract right, that he wished it given to large numbers of Negroes, if not to all of them. And as a young editor Godkin believed in woman suffrage when the idea was abhorrent to most Americans. In the summer of 1866 *The Nation* carried an editorial calling for this reform.

Opposition to high tariffs was as implicit in Manchester liberalism as antagonism to socialism, imperialism, and war. The old arguments against heavy protective duties are still sound; so is the old plea that unfettered commercial intercourse will raise the standard of living throughout the world and promote international friendship. Godkin objected to protection also because the scramble for tariff favors corrupted parties, because the tariff wall fostered monopolies, and because

the eternal tariff dispute postponed attention to urgent problems. From decade to decade he inveighed against our mode of writing tariffs in secret log-rolling sessions of the Ways and Means Committee. The remedy was pitiless publicity of a sort that the McKinley and Dingley tariffs never got—publicity, debate, and the verdict of an expert commission. No battle of Godkin's was better sustained than that against tariff iniquities.

Not even, we may add, his fight against financial "heresies," also waged from decade to decade. Every attempt to get the government to intervene in economic affairs by altering the value of the currency met his angry contempt. The

Greenback movement, the Bland-Allison act, sixteen to one—all were anathema. He was a little too ready to hurl the adjective "dishonest" against debtor groups. But his climactic contest against Bryanism in 1896, when free silver would have surely prolonged the current depression, was in the main a battle against demonstrable economic fallacies.

I HAVE said that Godkin's greatest achievement lay in bettering the tone and standards of public life in America; and this was what Bryce fastened upon when he wrote Godkin's epitaph, stating that he "bore a foremost part in all efforts to make government just, pure, and efficient." The editor, as a matter of fact, wished to elevate the tone of *all* American life and society; to make whatever was shoddy, false, and vicious seem contemptible. He had a keen eye for tommyrot and the ability to expose it in a few words. "Eating boiled crow is the most degrading spectacle of modern times except the cannibalism of some African tribes," once observed Godkin. "It consists in turning round in

a single week and beginning to praise fulsomely the man whom you have for some months previously been denouncing in unmeasured terms as a deceiver, trickster, or selfish and ambitious political profligate." On another occasion he spoke of the politician's desire to

have "all interests" represented on any government commission; "so that in a medical inquiry he will give the pill-and-pie men a place, or on an astronomical inquiry give the astrologers a representation, and on a sanitary commission put one or two miracle men and a clairvoyant."

He hated sensational journalism. He never tired of assailing the sentimentality which led

Americans, whenever a particularly depraved murderer was convicted, to ask that he be pardoned because he was insane, or he showed penitence, or he would make a useful citizen. He never ceased to let his irony play upon the violence that defaced American life. In a typical Reconstruction episode some Maryland rowdies shot up a camp meeting of colored folk. "Our readers," commented Godkin, "will be pleased to hear that the police have gone to work, and that some of the colored men have been arrested for 'riotous conduct' at the meeting. The white rioters are, in the meantime, enjoying their well-earned repose."

Above all, however, he was fired by the ambition to drive out of our political life some of its abundant stupidity, inefficiency, buncombe, and thievery. This it was that made him help eject evil judges; that led him to pursue with gleeful truths the notorious pension-grabber, Corporal Tanner, who said "God help the surplus!" when he took over the pensions office; to compile his exhaustive biographies of Tammany politicians, showing just how many had embarrassing police records; and

LOOKING BACKWARD

Twenty-five Years Ago in "The Nation"

It is certainly curious that so outspoken a journal as The Nation should have survived for 60 years in a country where Truth is tarred and feathered, lynched, imprisoned, clubbed, and effiliated as undesirable three times a week or so. The only encouragement I can offer you is that sixty has a better chance of reaching seventy than fifty of reaching sixty. I have been through both myself; and I know

A. Bernard Shaw. 12/5/25.

to devise the famous "parallel columns" in which he contrasted James G. Blaine's specious essays in self-defense with the blunt facts. He took up civil-service reform when it was regarded as "a strange European whimsy," and did as much as Carl Schurz or George W. Curtis to make it a touchstone for political purity.

Yet he never lost sight of the fact that to create pure, efficient, and wise political leaders the country had to create a suitable environment. Ben Butler, an unprincipled rascal whose grip on the ignorant, corrupt, and inexperienced worried Godkin as much in the eighties as did the grip of McKinley and Hanna in the nineties, received many editorials. The best of them, *The Natural History of Butler*, pointed out that politicians are shaped by the state of affairs around them, and that to hold the Butlers, Blaines, and Hannas responsible for the sins of their party was like holding the tiger responsible for the jungle.

To the last Godkin loved a good fight. His exclamation whenever Tammany, or Dana or Hearst, or Platt or Quay, or the silverites or protectionists, boiled with rage over his attacks rang long in the ears of old *Nation* and *Evening Post* men: "What a delightful lot they are! We must stir them up again!" The editor passed off the stage at the turn of the century fighting his last gallant battle—a battle against imperialists and colonial wars. He was called pessimistic in these last years; was it not that he saw more clearly than others some of the tendencies that brought on the two hideous and needless world

Wars? In some respects he was truly a pessimist: he believed that in politics and in journalism, two departments of life which especially enlisted his interest, the Western nations had failed to make due progress, or perhaps any progress. But in other ways he was an optimist, as befitted a Victorian Liberal. "The progress of the nation generally," he wrote of the United States in a farewell essay, "in all the arts except that of government, in literature, in commerce, in invention, is something unprecedented, and becomes daily more astonishing."

For the leadership and enlightenment of his own time he had done a unique work. His limitations were mainly those of his own time; his errors were all honest errors. What Lincoln said of Grant his contemporaries could say of him: "We can't spare this man—he fights." Even when he was wrong on a public question, his truth-seeking discussion lighted it up and helped other men find a sound conclusion; and when he was right, his insight, courage, and force influenced sooner or later, directly or indirectly, the whole intellectual community. Tens of millions of Americans who did not know he existed received his opinions from editors, from clergymen, from lecturers, from any of a hundred points of refraction and diffusion. We have had editors and journals of far greater fame and circulation and of much greater immediate impact, but we have had no other writer or periodical of which it could so truly be said that they leavened the whole lump.

Villard and His "Nation"

BY LEWIS GANNETT

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD liked to think of himself as the simple product of two simple currents: the high-principled idealism of his Abolitionist grandfather, William Lloyd Garrison, and the high-principled realism of his railroad-building father, Henry Villard. He never understood the contradictions within the characters of both those stalwart Americans, or in himself. But it was those contradictions which made Villard the great editor that he was, and Villard's *Nation* the great paper that it was and is.

To understand Oswald Villard you must remember both the defiant masthead of Garrison's *Liberator* and the brownstone mansions which Stanford White built for Henry Villard behind St. Patrick's Cathedral—which Henry Villard lost in one of his swift changes of

fortune. Oswald Villard grew up in a world full of stubborn principles, and of restless millions.

Garrison's immortal masthead, which Oswald Villard liked to recall several times a week, read, "I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I *will be heard!*" Garrison was heard, and he didn't retreat a single inch, even to spare a friend. Anyone who has ever scanned a file of his *Liberator* knows that he was probably the most high-principled, uncompromising, and intolerant editor in American history. For anti-slavery men who didn't see exactly his light he had no sympathy whatever. People who refer in gentle piety to Oswald Villard's inheritance from Garrison often forget the great Abolitionist's inchless stubbornness. Garrison was ready to burn the Constitution and sacrifice the Union for his single principle of abolition of slavery.

Henry Villard was another breed of iconoclast. Leaving Germany after the '48 days, he romantically

LEWIS GANNETT, the well-known daily book reviewer of the *New York Herald Tribune*, was on the staff of *The Nation* from 1919 to 1928.

swapped names with a friend. Arriving in America penniless, he proved himself a born reporter. He had the luck to cover the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and the skill to create a historic record of them. Shifting to the unfamiliar English tongue, he became one of the best Civil War reporters. In post-war days he had a vision of the great Northwest, and by one of the titanic miracles of those hectic days became president of the Northern Pacific Railway.

Oswald Villard was a boy of eleven when he watched his father nail the iron spike (it was "gold" only in legend) that linked the railways from two oceans; he was twelve when his father temporarily lost control of his vast enterprises. He had been only nine when his father bought the New York *Evening Post*, and Oswald became one of its editors at twenty-five, and was only twenty-eight when, his father dying, he inherited the property. (*The Nation* was then a sort of weekly digest of the *Post*.)

Oswald Villard, like his father, had several careers. He started out as a college teacher, and his first and fattest book is still, after forty years, the classic biography of that fantastic tissue of contradictions, John Brown. It was characteristic of Villard, who staunchly stuck to his Garrisonian inheritance of the doctrine of non-resistance, that he devoted years to a study of the violent resister of Osawatomie and Harper's Ferry. He knew the story of every hedgerow at Gettysburg and Manassas; he loved military history; a staunch pacifist, he could discuss strategy and tactics with staff generals. He might have been happy—for a time—as a professor of military history at West Point.

BUT Villard turned early from history to journalism. Journalism to him was always a combination of his grandfather's idealistic crusading and his father's desire to get things done. Oswald Villard served his newspaper apprenticeship on the Philadelphia *Press* in its great days, but when Lincoln Steffens took most of the staff of his father's *Evening Post* to the old *Globe*, Oswald returned from Philadelphia to take charge of the family's New York property.

The old *Evening Post* was a great newspaper, unique in modern journalistic history. It was a paper for the élite, with the best financial and editorial columns of the day. It was a nickel newspaper in a penny-newspaper world; it ignored the low worlds of sport and crime, and again and again deliberately sacrificed revenue to principle. The soundest citizens of New York and Washington read it attentively; with its 25,000 circulation, its crusades were often more effective than the mass-circulation crusades of Hearst and Pulitzer. It was a Mugwump paper, politically independent, fanatically in favor of Honesty, Temperance, Peace, Free Trade, and Goodness. It staunchly favored civil-service reform,

anti-imperialism, women's rights, and the Negro. But when in the 1890's Henry George ran for mayor of New York City on a Labor Party ticket, it was outraged at George's radicalism. As its editor, Oswald Villard was close first to Theodore Roosevelt, later to Woodrow Wilson. He was mentioned for posts in both Presidents' Cabinets, but he broke with both, denouncing them as betrayers of principles.

His willingness to be in a minority, his faithfulness to his inherited doctrine of pacifism, led him to sell the *Evening Post* in 1918. He had opposed America's entry into the First World War; he had dared to send Robert Bruère to follow the trail of the I. W. W., and to print Bruère's articles exposing the fact that the "Wobblies," although anti-war, were not pro-German, and that their persecution sprang from class conflict rather than patriotism. Villard found himself ostracized by lifelong friends. When America entered the war, advertisers boycotted the pacifist *Post* and circulation dropped disastrously. Villard sold it.

He kept *The Nation*, and he made it what it is today. In the history of American journalism Villard will be remembered less for his twenty years' ownership and editorship of a "good" newspaper than for his fifteen years at the helm of the rambunctious little weekly which challenged a hundred-million country with a circulation of 30,000.

It didn't have even 30,000 when Villard took it over. It never had 50,000 under his editorship, but it refused to equivocate and it made itself heard. The late Frank P. Walsh called *The Nation* the greatest mystery in American journalism. Walsh had contributed an article about the railroads to *The Nation* (circulation at that time, 27,000). Walsh had also signed a series of articles which were syndicated in the Hearst newspapers (circulation, more than ten million). He never, he said, met a man who had read his articles in the Hearst press. But the day *The Nation* went on the Washington newsstands, Walsh's telephone began ringing. People who counted—editors, Senators, assorted reformers and lobbyists, pro or con—read *The Nation*, and reacted to it. They had to, to keep up.

Villard's *Nation* constantly scooped the dailies. It denounced "the madness at Versailles" before Keynes's name was known in America. It welcomed the burgeoning British Labor Party. It printed the early Soviet labor laws and treaties. (A pink-cheeked enthusiast then on the Sunday staff of the New York *Tribune* used to sneak out a side door to bring his translations to *The Nation's* office; his name was William Henry Chamberlain, but on *The Nation* he used a pseudonym.)

It fought government by injunction. It made the military subjugation of Haiti and the Dominican Republic a national issue. It sent Carleton Beals to interview Sandino, the Nicaraguan rebel fighting the

American marines in his country. It defended Mexico's revolutionary effort to establish sovereignty over its own economics. It brought Muriel and Mary McSweeney over from Ireland to expose the Black and Tan terror there. It defended the Chinese Revolution, led in the late 1920's by a young man named Chiang Kai-shek, whom the Treaty-porters then called a Bolshevik. When Mussolini was still a respectable "savior" of Italy from Bolshevism it denounced Mussolini. It foresaw the Hitler menace. At home it denounced the Palmer raids and helped expose the Harding corruptions; it stood behind George Norris when the Nebraska Senator was almost alone in dreaming of the TVA. It was usually right, and cocky and combative, whether right or wrong.

Villard's staff, in the fifteen years of his editorship of *The Nation*, included an amazing variety of youngsters: Freda Kirchwey, the present editor; the literary Van Doren tribe—Carl, Mark, Irita, and Dorothy; Ludwig Lewisohn and Joseph Wood Krutch, literary and dramatic critics; Raymond Gram Swing in pre-radio days; Norman Thomas, before he became the perennial Socialist candidate for President; Ernest Gruening, today the fighting Governor of Alaska; Paul Blanshard, Stuart Chase, and George Soule; and John Macy, William Macdonald, Henry Raymond Mussey, Lincoln Colcord, Arthur Gleason, and Arthur Warner, who are now gone.

Often this staff was convinced that it made *The Nation* what it was; it quarreled with "the Boss" and thought it persuaded him to do things which his gentlemanly instincts told him were deplorable. The point is that alone among American editors of the period he permitted his rambunctious youngsters to persuade him. The daily newspapers of the period were shying away from crusades. *The New Republic* was at its Lippmannic solemnest. *The Nation* was newsy, irritating, fighting. Villard's journalistic instinct picked topics and picked associate editors—and he cheerfully accepted the consequences.

VILLARD didn't really enjoy being in a minority of two or three, for he was sunny and sociable even in his indignations, and if his letters are some day published they will reveal amazingly diverse friendships. He never gave up hoping to find stalwart liberals among the nice people who had been with him to the best schools. He was comfortable in a frock coat; probably he never wore



Oswald Garrison Villard

Seligson

a pair of overalls in his life. Fate, and his loyalty to principle, kept pitching him into uncreased company.

The Nation, under Villard, never made a cent, and never paid Villard a salary. In his first year as editor he poured more than \$150,000 of his own money into it; after that, he cut costs drastically and passed the hat. For a time it almost broke even. But it was always a strain, and in 1935 Villard sold the paper—for virtually nothing—to friends who, he felt sure, would carry on in his tradition. He continued, into 1940, as a Contributing Editor, writing a weekly column, *Issues and Men*.

But what was the true tradition for *The Nation*? In the late 1930's the shadow of Hitler darkened the

world. Villard remained faithful to his Garrisonian doctrine of non-resistance; he believed that somehow, even though Hitler won the war, Hitlerism could be conquered by moral force alone. His thought repeated his pattern of 1914-18, and he saw only black reaction as the consequence of America's growing involvement in the war. Most of his former colleagues were led step by step to abandon their erstwhile pacifism. Hitlerism, they believed, and argued in *The Nation*, could be stopped only by a combination of moral and military force. To Villard that seemed a betrayal of principle.

In *The Nation* for June 29, 1940, he printed his "Valedictory," closing his forty-seven years' association with the periodical. The chief glory of *The Nation*, he wrote, had been its "steadfast opposition to all war; to universal military service, to a great navy and to all war"; its new policies would inevitably turn America into a totalitarian state. To Freda Kirchwey he wrote privately that she had "struck hands with all the forces of reaction"; she had "prostituted *The Nation*"; he hoped the paper would "die very soon or fall into other hands."

That was written in the month of Hitler's sweep across France, and the charge that *The Nation*, committing itself to military resistance, had "struck hands with reaction," seemed to its editors and to most of Villard's old friends a fantastic misconception of realities. Villard was lonelier than ever before. He deplored America's entry into the war; sometimes he even seemed to be striking hands with the *Chicago Tribune*, a curious alliance of pacifist and imperialistic isolationisms. They were bitter years that followed; Villard walked through them armed with the consciousness of rectitude. He

often repeated to friends his hope that *The Nation* would die, and at his funeral, perhaps at his insistence, no word of his long association with it was spoken.

But history—and life and death—plays strange tricks. Oswald Garrison Villard could no more disassociate himself from *The Nation* than he could from his names "Garrison" and "Villard." They were parts of him, he of them; Villard's character is inextricably a part of *The Nation*, and *The Nation* is his contribution to American history. Its lonely courage and its quick indignations are inevitably described as Villardian. They are a part of the living American tradition, and *The Nation* is Villard's claim to permanent fame.

BESIDE THE POINT

[Joseph Wood Krutch, this column's roving correspondent and, incidentally, *The Nation's* drama critic, sends us the following timeless dispatch. We are glad to rush it into print, since it has no bearing whatever on the ominous news of the day.—M. M. and R. B.]

THEORETICALLY I distrust gadgets, even big ones like the automobile. Practically, and after the fashion of most of my contemporaries, I give them a good deal of my attention. The hundred ingenious toys with which we amuse ourselves tickle me also, and no one who saw me driving my modest car across country would suppose that I had any doubts about it. On more than one occasion I have joined the annual folk migration which sets a large segment of the population dashing for thousands of miles along broad hot highways, and like other middle-class citizens I stop for the night at the "motels," which grow much more luxurious as one gets westward.

Tourist-like, I despise other tourists and I assume that I am not as other men. The reasons why they should stay at home, why it would profit them more to travel extensively in Concord, do not apply to me. But I admit that the distinction is inward and I am afraid that not everyone would regard it as valid. I at least, so I tell myself, really see something, really get a new perspective on my country. But I am also compelled to admit that there is nothing of which I get a more vivid new sense than of the platitude that this is a civilization of which the automobile is the distinguishing characteristic.

Even in the more backward and impoverished areas, where one would suppose, from all other evidence, that ten dollars of surplus wealth could not be scraped together, one habitually sees a car, very often a new and shiny one, standing in front of a shack the total value of which, with all its contents, can hardly be worth what the car cost. Probably it is not thought of as a luxury, but it is in fact the only luxury which that house-

hold can afford. It has absorbed everything the family has been able to produce above the barest necessities of life. Shaw described his inhabitants of Horseback Hall as a race of Englishmen who live in stables provided with an annex in which human beings can sleep. For millions of rural Americans the home is merely a temporary shelter before which an automobile can be parked. We have achieved a mobility unimaginable at any other time, a mobility of which my cross-country trek is one characteristic demonstration and the farmer's almost daily trip to the village another. But it has cost us a possibly undue proportion of the surplus wealth which might have provided many other things had we not decided that mobility was very nearly the *summum bonum*.

Will more and more surplus wealth, if we manage to get it, mean primarily a more and more elegant mobility? One might guess so from the fact that the most obvious outward effect of the present post-war prosperity has been, for the country at large, the near disappearance of the jalopy. On rare occasions one may see, for example, a Model A with a Kentucky license plate chugging doggedly but confidently across the Texas plains carrying its owner on some journey taken, as likely as not, for amusement or "culture." But even in front of the shacks most of the cars are surprisingly new and show much more than the house itself does that the citizen has more money than he had fifteen years ago.

Nevertheless, though I am myself on the move and carrying various gadgets with me, I ask the purely theoretical question whether a gadget civilization is really the best civilization and whether mobility is a sound ideal. I have seen whole towns which appear to consist of gas stations catering to the needs of people whose first demand seems to be that they shall be going somewhere. The radio keeps us in touch with what we have left behind, but if we didn't go anywhere, communication would be less necessary. We invent the automobile to take us away and the wireless to keep us from really knowing that we have left home. Do these two wonderful devices cancel each other out?

Not so long ago I was in one of the remotest spots in the United States, 250 miles from a railroad. I turned on my portable radio and listened with great pleasure to the orchestra of the Mormon Temple, several hundred miles away, playing Purcell's overture for Dryden's opera "King Arthur," which, by the way, I had never heard before. Truly this is an admirable civilization in which such things are possible—admirable at least, I mean, in the original sense of that word. It is a civilization to be wondered at. But wasn't the music the most admirable thing in the more common meaning of the word, and is it really necessary to get it in so complicated a way?

While waiting for an answer to these questions I expect to keep on the move.

J. W. K.

Yugoslavia Reappraised

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

III. The Intellectual Climate

Belgrade, June

TITO is the only Communist leader in the world with sex appeal." This old crack is not quite so silly as it sounds. The Yugoslav leaders are in truth, temperamentally as well as physically, very different from the ordinary run of East European Communist bosses. They don't have the standard "poker face" of the Communist boss, his heavy-handed and heavy-footed manner, his lack of humor. The Russians say they are not serious-minded men but a bunch of playboys, unworthy of the name of Communist.

The matter is not so simple as that. For one thing, most of the present Yugoslav leaders were professional revolutionaries before the war and soldiers during the war, and they never became Moscow-trained functionaries like Berman, Slansky, and Rakosi. They have deep roots in the Yugoslav soil, but their "nationalism" has in large measure been modified by their "internationalist" training. The role that many of them played in the Spanish war was an important character-forming factor, but to Moscow today, as we know, participation in the Spanish war is no recommendation.

Another point to consider is that many of the Yugoslav leaders had a Central European rather than an East European upbringing. Tito, Kardelj, and others spent their youth in what was then part of the Hapsburg monarchy. The pre-1917 working-class movement of Central Europe had a formative influence on their consciousness. They studied Lenin more deeply than they were ever to study Stalin. They acquired Western habits of mental freedom which, even within Marxist limits, were bound sooner or later to come into sharp conflict with the rigid dogmatism of Moscow. If only as intellectual exercises, the polemics against Moscow uttered by Djilas, Kardelj, Sicherl, and Pijade are brilliant; one never feels that they are an insult to the intelligence as are some of the more ponderous Soviet pronouncements, such as Fadeyev's on literature, or Zhdanov's on art and philosophy, or some of Suslov's on world affairs. They are essentially intelligible to the Western mind, just as Lenin's writing always is, while that of Zhdanov or Fadeyev is not.

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The Soviet mind is restricted by a number of rigid conventions and inhibitions, of which one is the constant fear of departing from *partiinost*, the "party spirit," when dealing with objective facts. On the intellectual plane the Yugoslavs prefer to do without these blinkers. Bureaucratic or party authority over the scientist, writer, or artist is rejected. Both Belgrade and Zagreb have a lively intellectual life today, and magazines like *Knizevne Novine* of Belgrade or *Republika* of Zagreb discuss everything with refreshing freedom. In an article on theatrical and film criticism as practiced by some of the "party-line" boys, Vjekoslav Afric recently wrote:

Art is tender and fragile, and critics ought to know something about the anatomy and physiology of art. To cut off the nose to cure a cold—which is what some of our critics do—does more harm than good. . . . We cannot go on with these unintelligent Soviet methods either as artists or as critics. Nor can we accept the Soviet line on science. What kind of science is it whose main task is to prove "scientifically" anything that the party has proclaimed to be "the truth"?

Pretty devastating also is the criticism of other official Soviet lines. Thus the same writer says:

Socialist realism, which we believe to be a sound principle, is all very well. But what happens when all that is really wanted is poster propaganda? Then we get nothing but artificially built-up people in novels and films—people with no relation to real life. Recently we saw a Soviet film, "The Oath," in which a very high Soviet leader [Stalin] was endowed with such virtues and such genius that he could even perform miracles. . . . To set us such narrow pragmatic frameworks in the field of art is to paralyze all creative effort. If such is to be the "party spirit," then life and art will just have to go one way and the party another. . . . We in Yugoslavia cannot accept a situation in which, as in Russia, artists can be appointed and sacked like night watchmen or hotel porters.

This attack on "Zhdanovism" is of course in keeping with the present Yugoslav tendency to criticize the Soviet Union. But how extensively is it translated into Yugoslav practice? How much more mental freedom exists in Yugoslavia than in Russia? One is here on very controversial ground, and it would be ridiculous to suggest, as some of our Yugoslav enthusiasts in Britain are doing, that Yugoslavia is becoming democratic and liberal in the "best" Western sense, and that Tito is really a frightfully handsome Mr. Attlee. He is no more Mr. Attlee than Rankovic is Mr. Chuter Ede, nor is the

Yugoslav Communist Party a slightly Balkanized and glamourized Labor Party—even though I have often heard it said that Yugoslav Communists have a soft spot for Labor M. P.'s. When I was once asked by some students in Montenegro to what party I belonged, and I said I was a Socialist, one of them replied, "Oh, I suppose you belong to the Labor Party?" and then they all roared with laughter. They were not malicious; they merely thought it a huge joke.

THERE is no "liberalism" in Yugoslavia today, but there are a number of things that make the country very different from the Soviet Union and the people's democracies. There is considerable intellectual freedom, more or less of the kind that existed in Russia in the twenties and early thirties. When a new Yugoslav film is shown, one can hear every kind of opinion publicly expressed, and *Borba* does not, as *Pravda* does, come out with any "final verdict" to which everybody must afterward conform. "Socialist realism" is widely admitted to be especially suited to a Socialist society, but not in the distorted form given it by the Russians; at a recent exhibition of Yugoslav painting and sculpture most styles could be found, ranging from the new "realism" to the French post-impressionist tradition, which was represented by some very good work. Many of the older Yugoslav artists studied in France before the war, and they have not been outlawed as "degenerates," though abstract art is frowned upon as "anti-social."

"Lysenkoism" has not been accepted as the "final truth." In fact, Kardelj himself, speaking before the Slovene Academy of Science, sharply criticized all state interference with the freedom of scientific research. Nor does the state decide what exactly the people ought to read, what films and plays they ought to see, what texts they should study. The school and university curricula are much more flexible than in the Soviet Union, and there is undoubtedly what might be called a "Leninist" desire to cultivate an interest in Western culture. In all secondary schools at least two foreign languages are compulsory, and no priority is given to Russian, which is on the same footing as English, French, and German. More significant, perhaps, is the decision that Latin is to be taught in all secondary schools. To the Russians all this would savor of "Westernism" and "cosmopolitanism." But the Yugoslavs argue that by teaching their young people a healthy respect for the artistic and scientific achievements of all nations they are cultivating a spirit of genuine internationalism. Nothing has produced a greater crop of satirical comments in Yugoslavia than the Soviet claim that radio, the steam engine, and what not were all discovered by Russians. The most pungent comment perhaps was a cartoon in *Jez* showing old Karl Marx writing "Das Kapital" with a picture of Stalin above his desk.

Certainly the kind of mental and intellectual tyranny I saw in Prague last winter does not exist in Belgrade today. People talk and grumble much more freely than they would dare to do in Prague or even than they were able to do in Belgrade two years ago. Nevertheless, Yugoslavia is a police state. Many people are in prison, some still "awaiting trial" after more than two years. In exacting food deliveries from the peasants, the authorities are often ruthless when they come across what they consider bad faith or sabotage. But the general awareness of the "Russian danger" appears to have increased national solidarity. The former middle class shows less hostility to the regime than before, and there is consequently much less repression.

This is not necessarily a sign of that "Titoite bourgeois nationalism" of which the Russians like to talk. The bourgeoisie, except for some Serb and Croat "kulaks," is done for. And if the kulaks are still going strong in some parts of the country, that is alleged to be because it is inexpedient to force collectivization at this stage, and "we don't believe in exterminating a whole class," as the Russians did with the kulaks. The Yugoslavs like to say that "Yugoslavia has no Siberia," and that nobody in Yugoslavia ever "disappears." It is curious to observe how much is made in the Yugoslav press of the "monstrous methods" of the NKVD, as applied, for instance, by the Soviets' Czech disciples to a number of Yugoslavs in Czech prisons. Newspaper denunciation of the NKVD may call for some ironical comment, but it is in keeping with the assurances given to Westerners about the increasing "humanity" of the prison and police system in Yugoslavia.

One must also remain a little skeptical about the expressed Yugoslav view that excessive bureaucratic powers and excessive centralism are among the chief causes of the "crisis of socialism" in Russia. The Yugoslav leaders admit that their own country suffers from an excess of bureaucracy, but they say a determined effort is being made to reduce it and to stimulate more democratic forms of self-government. Much of this "greater initiative for the masses" and "bigger and better democracy through the People's Committees" may still be mere theory, but there seems little doubt that some hard thinking is being done by the Yugoslavs, and the correctives they are proposing to the socialism practiced and prescribed by the Russians may eventually exercise a serious influence on Communist thought in all countries.

Much depends on the answers to two questions: Can the Russians afford to tolerate the continued existence of "Titoist" Yugoslavia? And can Yugoslavia make a real success of its socialism, with only itself and its capitalist creditors to rely on? It takes Yugoslavs to choose so steep and dangerous a mountain path and still to believe that they will reach the summit.

Brothels into Dormitories

BY SANFORD GOTTlieb

Paris, June

A VIGOROUS drive in the Paris Municipal Council to reopen the city's houses of prostitution, closed during the wave of purity which followed the Liberation, threatens to put an end to an interesting social experiment and to pit the students who flock to Paris from all parts of the globe against the world's oldest profession. For many months students have been living on a cooperative basis in a score of the ninety-seven former Parisian brothels. And they intend to stay.

Most of the 60,000 students in post-war Paris have found the acute housing shortage their greatest problem. The comfortable but crowded University City quarters into which a certain number can be fitted have not satisfied either their material or their intellectual needs. The retired government functionaries who act as dormitory directors have strictly enforced the prohibition of political and religious discussions, and there has been little contact between the national groups in separate buildings.

Four years ago a medical student named Philippe Paumelle, with the help of four friends, undertook to persuade the government to requisition the former *maisons de tolérance* as university lodgings. There was much opposition from landlords and petty bureaucrats, but Paumelle, a Resistance veteran and a father, knew how to fight. In 1948 his group finally won from the Ministry of National Education an initial subsidy of 1,700,000 francs for transforming the old brothels into *Maisons Communautaires d'Etudiants*. The group also demanded and obtained student autonomy in the houses requisitioned for them—that is, authorization for the residents to control internal affairs and admissions. In 1946 the Ministry had converted the famous "Sphinx" brothel—still bearing the posters "Off Limits to Allied Military Personnel"—into an experimental dormitory, but the inexperience and extravagance of the manager it appointed gave rise to a constant deficit. After "Sphinx" became a *maison communautaire* maintenance costs dropped sharply.

The students encountered some difficulties when they tried to take over. The landlord of "Aux Belles Poules" twice refused to unlock his slumbering property for them. When they reappeared with the requisition papers and a crowbar, the police, seeing only the crowbar,

hauled them off to the station house. In the end the landlord was forced by court order to open up. Some weeks later he acknowledged that the place, far from being wrecked, had never before been kept so clean.

In some houses the furniture had been removed. In one establishment the new tenants found traces of the time-honored practice of catering to a variety of tastes: a nautical room, a chamber of gloom painted black and strewn with bones, an exotically frescoed torture room suggesting the delights of flagellation. Broken plaster showed where full-length mirrors had been removed, but plaques with sanitary warnings were still fastened to the doors. With a flourish of brooms and paint brushes the students ordered the premises for a new type of occupant and furnished them with British army equipment.

Members of the new student cooperative in the Rue Blondel ate their first dinner by candlelight—the electricity had not yet been turned on—one evening in May, 1948. By the time the dessert arrived, a young man in political science had convinced his table-mates that an elected executive would be more efficient than direct democratic control. Officers were chosen to carry out necessary household tasks. There was no campaigning: emptying the garbage can and tending the furnace did not seem to attract many candidates. During the next two years the cabinet system was perfected. Today, under the terms of a brief written constitution, a candidate for house leader must present his proposed cabinet to the assembly; the cabinet elected is collectively responsible for the performance of each of its members. So far there have been no cabinet crises.

The growth and stability of the cooperatives have added to the students' influence in the outside world. One student restaurant has been accorded a government subsidy. The Association des Maisons Communautaires d'Etudiants, linking the various houses, has been granted the use of government machinery to conduct its recruitment and admissions—although at the price of accepting government functionaries on its board.

Each house is an amalgam of nationalities, customs, and beliefs. In one which has fewer than thirty occupants there are students from Tunisia, Morocco, Vietnam, Martinique, Israel, Brazil, and the United States, as well as from many French provinces. Group discussions on current events are regularly scheduled. These meetings are far from tame, but good-will prevails. Debates between Arabs and Jews on the recent Palestine conflict are far less acrimonious than those staged at

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Geneva or Lake Success. Catholics and Communists may dispute about miracles and the Mindszenty trial, but they find room for agreement about university matters.

The *filles* who illegally carry on their *métier* in the neighboring hotels frequently knock at the doors of medical and legal students to request information relating to certain personal problems. But not everyone is so

well adjusted to the new order of things. Every so often a surprised-looking gentleman, not seldom with an Anglo-Saxon accent, must be told politely but firmly by the student who opens the door that the house has undergone a fundamental change—"Junior, stop fooling with those matches!"—since the last time he had the privilege of visiting it.

Infection Spots in India

BY SHIVA RAO

New Delhi, June

HARDLY a day passes without encounters between Communist guerrillas and India's armed police along the Hyderabad-India border. During the last three months at least eighty Communists have been killed in such clashes. The police have suffered less, although the Communists are equipped with revolvers, rifles, sten guns, and hand grenades. Determined efforts are now being made to eradicate them by a double-pronged drive of armed forces from Madras and the city of Hyderabad.

Reports of Communist activities in this region since the British withdrawal from India in 1947 make grim reading. Nearly 2,500 persons have been murdered, many police and customs stations have been burned, landlords' houses have been ransacked and destroyed, rice stores, jewelry, and cash confiscated. The Communists carefully selected Hyderabad as a battleground and entrenched themselves strongly before taking aggressive steps. Under the Nizam, one of the world's richest men, the state was a stronghold of feudalism. Absentee landlords owning hundreds—in some cases thousands—of acres of land led lives of incredible luxury, while their ruthless agents oppressed the peasants and extorted exorbitant rents. The districts of Nalgonda and Warangal in the southeast were the most backward, and it was there that the Communists established themselves during the dark days of the war. Gradually they gained the good-will of the people by founding an occasional school or small hospital. The Nizam's easygoing administration looked on benevolently.

After the war, while the rest of India was trying to obtain its freedom from the British, Hyderabad's Congress Party leaders started a campaign to substitute a popular government for the Nizam's autocracy. The Communists, whose influence was growing, identified themselves with this campaign. Surprised and re-

resentful, the Nizam immediately declared the party illegal. For some months the Communists worked underground, increasing their power by terrorist methods. Villagers suspected of giving information to the police about Communist movements or refusing to join plundering expeditions were publicly shot. These were difficult days for the Nizam, whose administration was visibly crumbling everywhere. The Communists were not the only element which believed in the use of force. A strange group known as the Razakars, consisting of well-armed but indifferently trained Moslems, grew up around the Nizam as a sort of irregular militia.

When negotiations between Nehru's government and the Nizam finally broke down, Indian troops marched into Hyderabad, and the Nizam's rule came to an abrupt end. The police, overwhelmingly Moslem, deserted; the Razakars disappeared. But both the police and the Razakars turned over their considerable supplies and equipment to the Communists. After all, they argued, it mattered little who kept up the fight against Nehru's government so long as resistance continued.

The provisional Hyderabad government established with New Delhi's authority took nearly two years to build up some sort of administration. The training of thousands of new policemen and civil servants was no easy task. A start was made toward improving conditions in education, medicine, and agriculture. Agrarian reforms and revision of labor legislation were undertaken. During this time the Communist guerrillas, organized in hierarchical fashion with regional and village committees, youth squads, and local cells, were busy consolidating their position.

How much they depended on pure Communist doctrine to gain recruits it is difficult to say. The miserable conditions on the land, approximating serfdom, helped them a good deal, as did the lack of communications. There are no roads in the districts where they operate; even rough tracks are few and far between. Along Hyderabad's southeastern border, where southern India's two great rivers, the Godavari and the Krishna, rush through jungle-clothed gorges toward the Bay of

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Bengal, the terrain was admirably suited to guerrilla tactics. The Communists could swoop down on isolated villages or police picket stations, murder, plunder, and destroy, and disappear quickly into the low hills.

Elsewhere in India it has been found that efficient village administration is the most effective antidote to communism. Much has happened in India since the achievement of freedom to shake the belief that the masses have a deep and genuine regard for Gandhi's philosophy of non-violence. Nevertheless Communist emphasis on murder and destruction goes against the grain of Indian psychology. Reaction against communism has been prompt and vigorous in villages where there was able leadership to take the initiative. But in many parts of Hyderabad such leadership has been lacking.

Another difficulty has been the official rigidity which has hampered the movement of troops and police across the Hyderabad-Madras border, while the guerrillas can cross and recross the border as they please. Recent conferences held in Madras, New Delhi, and Hyderabad have sought a solution for this problem, for the threat to India's security from Communist influence in this region is real. The railway system connecting southern India with the north and Bengal runs through Hyderabad. India can no more allow the Communist infection to spread from its source here than the United States could permit a similar movement to grow in Ohio.

TV and the Children

BY JAMES N. MILLER

THE television industry, which has been beset by financial and technical difficulties ever since it started, is now hearing the rumblings of a new problem which may cause it more trouble than all the others. This is television's possible effect on children. It might seem that if television simply followed the example of radio and made a few conciliatory gestures, the problem would sit down and stop barking, but this reasoning overlooks the fact that television's "impact" is claimed to be from three to twenty times as powerful as radio's. And that means that the object which receives the impact will get banged up from three to twenty times as badly.

The children, of course, are not complaining, but their parents and teachers have two main grievances. The first is that the children spend too much time watching television; the second, that what they see is at best vacuous, at worst downright harmful.

A man who teaches fourteen-year-olds in a New York

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public school says that his pupils' grades are from 25 to 50 per cent lower than they were last year, and he attributes the difference largely to television. Though they come from poor families, all his pupils have access to a television set. And apparently they attach themselves to it immediately after supper and are not pried loose until bedtime. This man is primarily concerned with the waste of so much time that should be devoted to homework, but he is also aghast at the things his pupils see.

Programs like CBS's "Suspense" and NBC's "Martin Kane"—to single out only two of the rapidly multiplying number of crime stories now on the air—deal in detail with first-degree murder week in and week out. People are killed with ice picks, axes, and poison in these all too graphic shows, and the effect on the youthful mind can hardly be salutary. Another television staple is the vaudeville show, Milton Berle having made the historic discovery that the institution is not dead. About fifteen vaudeville acts are presented each week by the New York stations. Even parents who themselves enjoy the scantily clad leg and the off-color gag may reasonably object to their children's intellectual appetites being formed in the atmosphere of the old Palace.

The television people say (a) that these are the shows the public wants to see, and (b) that programs of this type are almost without exception put on the air after eight, and it is the parents' duty to see that the kids are not up and around a television set at that time. This is of course a neat evasion of the responsibility borne by those who send programs into people's homes. On the other hand, television is a competitive business, and the broadcaster who fills his evening hours with educational efforts for the kiddies is not going to be able to pay the upkeep on his transmitter for very long.

It can be argued that if a whole generation was kept away from the radio long enough to acquire literacy, it ought to be possible to restrain children's passion for television. The difficulty seems to lie in television's stronger appeal. No Pied Piper ever proved so irresistible. If a television set is on at night and there is a child at large in the house, the two will eventually come together—unless there is a major change in our present system of family relationships and discipline.

What, then, is to be done? The only practicable way out of the impasse that I have heard of is for people with children to go without television entirely, and a lot of parents are doing just this. The flaw in the solution is that both parents and children will have to miss a good deal of first-rate entertainment along with the mayhem and the tawdry comedy. Moreover, the television industry cannot afford to let this idea spread. Ultimately, therefore, both sides will probably be forced to make some radical adjustments. It is only unfortunate that television's greater impact increases the danger to the children.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Byron: Aristocratic Radical

BYRON: A SELF-PORTRAIT. Edited by Peter Quennell. Charles Scribner's Sons. Two Volumes. \$10.

HERE are 375 of Byron's letters, 56 printed for the first time and 36 which have been printed hitherto only in extract, and also extensive selections from his journals. Mr. Quennell's purpose, in which he has succeeded admirably, has been to let Byron portray himself. There is not quite enough explanatory matter for Dr. Johnson's common reader—a misfortune, for this prose could give great pleasure to a public which remembers dimly college courses on "The Romantics"; Byron's preoccupations and his sensibility are as much ours as they were those of the early nineteenth century. But all the materials for the amateur novelist, the amateur analyst, are here. They are superb, and it takes only a moderate exercise of the historical imagination to bring to life a whole world and the most entertaining of the Romantic poets.

To digress: What is needed, for common reader and Byron scholar alike, is a definitive edition of the letters and journals. Now one must go to the six volumes edited by G. E. Prothero for the collected "Works" of 1898-1903, to the Earl of Lovelace's "Astarte," to Sir John Murray's "Lord Byron's Correspondence," and, for the letters to Teresa Guiccioli, to "The Last Attachment," beautifully edited last year by Iris Origo. There is also a mass of unpublished material in the possession of the Murrays. If someone would do for Byron what W. S. Lewis is doing for Horace Walpole, we would have a matchless record of a personality and an age. (I might add, while laying out tasks for other people to perform, that one of the scandals of American and English publishing is that there is no annotated edition of "Don Juan" now in print.)

Byron's letters, most of them, were written with some idea of publication. Yet with a few notable exceptions they read as if they were entirely spontaneous, the genuine overflow of powerful

feelings. He has a fine eye for scene and character and manners. What he sees and what he feels are of utmost importance to him. A page, sometimes a phrase, will re-create, marked with his peculiar sensibility, an entire milieu. The letters to Lady Melbourne which describe his unsuccessful attempts to seduce Lady Frances Webster are as good as anything in Restoration Comedy. Again, in a famous passage, he shows us the Venetian baker's tempestuous wife, in whose antics he found much to laugh at, waiting for him in a storm, fearing that he had been drowned:

I found her on the open steps of the Mocenigo Palace, on the Grand Canal, with her great black eyes flashing through her tears, and the long dark hair, which was streaming drenched with rain over her brows and breast . . . the wind blowing her hair and dress about her tall thin figure, and the lightning flashing round her, with the waves rolling at her feet, made her look like Medea alighted from her chariot.

To the immediate visual impression succeeds the literary allusion; and Margarita Cogni, who must have been an absurd and difficult woman, is transformed for a moment into a nearly tragic figure. Or there is the simple record of dawn after a late party, a passage admired by Ruskin:

Good night or rather, morning. It is four, and the dawn gleams over the Grand Canal, and unshadows the Rialto.

Except when he writes to his half-sister about his feeling for her, or to his wife, Byron is always outside himself looking on, but never ceasing to feel. He strives to order his feeling with irony. At Bologna in 1819 in the company of Teresa he attended a performance of Alfieri's "Myrrha," a tragedy of incest. It threw him into "convulsions"; his distress made Teresa hysterical. "She has," he continues, "been ill, and I have been ill, and we are all languid and pathetic this morning, with great expenditure of Sal Volatile. But to return to your letter of the 23d of July." This is not the interposition of a mask between the reader and real feeling.

Irony modified but never distorted the record of his sensibility.

He is best when writing to trusted men friends, to Moore, Hobhouse, and Douglas Kinnaird, or to Lady Melbourne, the wise confidante of his London years. With other women he is usually not amusing, often simply an English Don Giovanni making his declarations. The Marchesa Origo has pointed out that the early letters to Teresa sound as if they were derived from some compendium for letter writers. When feeling becomes too much for him irony disappears, but he does not touch us. Some of his letters to Lady Byron, after their separation, are unintentionally comic.

There is not space for more than a mention of other matters which Mr. Quennell's volumes reveal—not for the first time, for, interesting as any new material about Byron must be, there is little here to alter the existing total picture. His politics were radical, but his was the radicalism of the aristocrat. He could not, for instance, converse easily with Leigh Hunt:

I do not know what world he has lived in, but I have lived in three or four; and none of them like his Keats and Kangaroo *terra incognita*. Alas! poor Shelley! how we used to laugh, now and then, at various things which are grave in the suburbs.

This is snobbish; it also gets directly at something which Keats and Hunt lacked. He had a strong sense of sin, almost certainly the product of his Calvinist background, which poisoned the pleasures he never denied himself. As early as 1811 he passes judgment: "My whole life has been at variance with propriety, not to say decency." "My time here," he writes Hobhouse in 1819, "has been passed viciously and agreeably." This is the Byron who sent his natural daughter to a convent, "for I think people can never have enough of religion, if they are to have any." Nothing escapes him:

Drank half a bottle of some kind of spirits . . . Did *not* eat two apples, which were placed by way of dessert.

Finally, today, when in some quarters it is fashionable to consider the artist as

a kind of priest, or at least as a member of some new aristocracy, Byron's failure to regard literature as the whole end of life is refreshing. He may affect aristocratic ease, but there is also a dry light, a sense of proportion, in such remarks as these on the composition of "Cain" and "Lara":

The whole volume was written with the greatest rapidity, in the midst of evolutions, and revolutions, and persecutions, and proscriptions of all who interested me in Italy. . . . "Lara" . . . was written amidst balls and fooleries, and after coming home from masquerades and routs, in the summer of the sovereigns. . . . I do not think this a merit, but it is a fact.

ERNEST JONES

Our European Policy

EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES. By Vera Micheles Dean. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

IT IS unfortunate that Mrs. Dean has written her survey of post-war Europe and the part the United States is playing in it with such caution; it may be conjectured that this results from the attack on her previous book, "The United States and Russia," by the sort of people who admire Franco and Salazar. Whatever the cause, the first sections of her present book—*The Present Seen Through the Past*, and *Where Is Europe Going?*—are rather slow going. And this is a great pity, for there is danger that the Far Eastern crisis will divert the attention of Americans from the problems of Europe and thus permit Soviet imperialism to take over countries that are more vital to us than South Korea.

In the second part of the book, an examination of the policy of the United States toward Europe since the end of the war, Mrs. Dean's style becomes more lively. While carefully offering no conclusions about the possibility of war, or who will win it, she gives an admirable exposition of the complexity of the problems now facing the United States. The dilemma of United States policy toward the Far East, for example, is well stated:

Either it [the United States] must remain faithful to its anti-colonial tradition in the hope of winning a moral and propagandist victory over Russia, but at the risk of losing the friendship of the Western colonial nations, whose eco-

nomic and military assistance is essential for us in the case of war with Moscow; or it must align itself with the colonial powers in the hope of gaining their loyal assistance against Russia in Europe, but at the risk of losing the game to communism in Asia.

Discussing the aims that United States policy should pursue in the Soviet satellite countries, Mrs. Dean holds that "our choice there has been, not, as often asserted, between communism and democracy, but between communism and some form of fascism," and she adds:

The most likely prospect, if we can take Yugoslavia's experience as a guide, is that neither the United States nor the U. S. S. R. can hope to win a clear-cut victory in Eastern Europe and the Balkans; and that the mingled influences of East and West will gradually be fused into systems that will not be patterned exclusively either on American capitalism or on Russian communism.

The chapter on United States policy toward the United Nations is particularly useful, and she makes a point that is often smothered by prejudiced students from Washington who insist that the support of the U. N. is the cornerstone of United States foreign policy:

The avowed determination of the United States to base its policy on the United Nations has been tempered by two factors: the belief that the U. S. S. R. has consistently sought to block operation of the U. N. and to undermine its decisions, and an almost automatic reflex on the part of American leaders, when dealing with measures regarded as of major importance for national interests, to take unilateral action outside the framework of the U. N., on some occasions because of reluctance to have such measures subject to discussion or veto by the U. S. S. R., on others because of a disposition on the part of Congress to work directly through national rather than international agencies—a disposition that may be regarded as a contemporary form of what was once isolationism.

Although there has been considerable justification for this policy, such an objective appraisal of our position is worth having, all the more so because it is hard to come by, since American officials, not unnaturally, support the policies they have adopted with might and main, and Soviet attacks are usually so intemperate as to be meaningless.

Although the Security Council's action on Korea was made possible by the absence of the Soviet Union, Mrs. Dean

would no doubt be the first to say that our behavior has improved in the past few weeks. Her account of the way President Truman extended military aid to Greece and Turkey in 1947—his failure even to notify the United Nations had to be corrected by the initiative of Senator Vandenberg—shows how much his attitude toward the U. N. has changed. The continuance of the improvement depends upon an informed public opinion, and it is to be hoped that Mrs. Dean's book will reach a large number of readers.

THOMAS J. HAMILTON

Leo Stein

JOURNEY INTO THE SELF. Being the Letters, Papers, and Journals of Leo Stein. Edited by Edmund Fuller. Introduction by Van Wyck Brooks. Foreword by Mabel Weeks. Crown Publishers. \$4.

LEO STEIN, Gertrude's less well-known brother, died in 1947 at the age of seventy-five and just a few days after receiving the first favorable reviews of "Appreciation," his only even half-successful book. The present collection of letters is extraordinarily interesting in itself, quite aside from the fact that it also adds significantly to the documents concerning a much-studied group of between-wars intellectuals.

With Gertrude, Leo made the now famous collection of advanced painting in Paris, and he himself aspired to be both a painter and a philosopher. He was an admirer, though later a critic, of Freud as early as 1910, and he was an associate of Picasso as well as of many of the now more or less well-known American intellectuals of the period, including Robert Lovett, Hutchins Hapgood, Mable Dodge, Maurice Stern, Albert Barnes, Bernard Berenson, and so on. From the letters one gets the impression that he was, in many ways, superior to all but a few of them. Yet there was hardly one who did not achieve more, at least more notoriety, than he. With almost comic monotony he was, over long years, repeatedly about to begin at last. "My *Weltanschauung* is now all complete. . . . I'm very busy" (1910). "The latest liberation . . . came from the completion of

the essential structure of my philosophy" (1913). "All I know now is that there will be a complete transformation in my way of life" (1915). "I have finally cleared away the debris, but there was so much of it that was bad that when it is cleared away, it left nothing but bare ground" (1922).

All this was not mere poppycock. Though apparently a good deal of a hypochondriac and though he himself thought mental and physical ills largely responsible for an unproductive life, one wonders if that is really a sufficient explanation. Is it possible that he simply did not belong in the galley where he found himself? He lived the life expected of an expatriate, and he underwent the expected grand passion. Moreover, despite the title of this collection, his journey was not only into self but also as conspicuously to Paris, London, Venice, Florence, and back to New York again. Yet his deepest intellectual admirations were for much more solid and sensible people than those with whom he commonly associated. His most lasting enthusiasm was for William James, not for Bergson or, still less, for Gurdjieff, Korzybski, and the others of that sort to whom his associates naturally gravitated. Gertrude's "stuff" he thought "abominable." Cubism was the attempted intellectuality of men who had no intellect, and he rejected in toto the later Picasso. "Both he and Gertrude are using their intellects, which they ain't got, to do what would require the finest critical tact, which they ain't got neither, and they are in my belief turning out the most Godalmighty rubbish that is to be found." Of D. H. Lawrence: "I'm so sick of this parade of neurotics and of the aggressive bumptious Lawrence kind more than any other."

All question of the rightness or wrongness of such opinions aside, it is obvious that they were not the result of envy but of a fundamental incompatibility of mind and temperament. Leo Stein had an intellect capable of a rigor and an honesty which made merely "interesting" or even merely "brilliant" people infuriating to him. He spent his life close to a lunatic fringe, and the question is not whether such fringes are valuable or even supremely valuable, but simply whether he belonged in one.

Two of his statements about himself are very revealing. "I was never a pessimist, as so many comparatively successful men are, because I never had the discouragement of having my achievements turn to Dead Sea fruit. I was saved from this by never achieving anything, and by clearly perceiving that possessions, practical success, etc., would not change anything." Again: "One can avoid the consequences of inferiority either by over-compensation or by keeping distance. The latter was *in the main* my method."

At the risk of being called philistine one may venture the suggestion that if Stein had not had enough money to make a life of postponements possible, he might have accomplished more. He seems to have been essentially a sober man, and if there are some for whom bohemianism is necessary there are others to whom it is fatal.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Current Economic Problems

FIVE LECTURES ON ECONOMIC PROBLEMS. By George J. Stigler. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

TO MAINTAIN the value of his capital investments, the monopolist supposedly slows down the rate at which new innovations are introduced, thus obstructing economic progress and growth of national wealth. He is also said to cause unemployment by bottling up investment outlets, or by cutting output and employment rather than prices in slack times. Now the Socialist generally views monopoly as the inevitable outgrowth of our industrial technology, and skeptical of state regulation on a number of counts, proposes nationalization to maximize wealth and efficiency. On the other hand, many liberals question the "economies of large size" and blame growth of monopolistic industries and concomitant abuses on our failure to take positive steps to maintain effective competition. Their advice that we hasten to take such steps now is often considered "unrealistic" and, in the light of the alleged fact that competition *has* declined, written off as "impractical."

These liberal views may appear somewhat quixotic after reading Professor Stigler's last lecture, for he rejects the notions that our economy is today pre-

dominantly monopolistic and that competition has steadily declined since 1890. As a "conservative estimate," Stigler holds that in 1939 "competitive industries were producing seven-tenths of the national income, and utilizing more than four-fifths of the labor force." Since 1920, moreover, monopolistic sectors have actually "declined moderately," though they roughly doubled between 1870 and 1920. The basis for these judgments is presented in several attached tables, in which the author classifies industries by the percentage of their employment and incomes allocable to monopolistic, competitive, and cartelized sectors. The evidence is hardly conclusive, but even as it stands, Congressman Celler's current investigation of monopoly power and the perennial attempt to plug the "loophole" in the Clayton Anti-Trust Act take on a shade of realism.

Lecture One leaves no doubt that in terms of the liberal philosophy both equality of incomes and wealth and maximization of production are no ultimate objectives in themselves but merely means to further development of "better," self-reliant men. For example, Stigler argues in passing that liberals might reject nationalization even though monopoly were technologically inevitable—which is rarely the case. It appears that they may be willing to sacrifice some efficiency and the "proximate" goal of maximum production for the "ultimate" liberal goal of giving individuals the greatest chance to develop their capacities as they see fit. This thesis is certainly provocative. But even the sympathetic reader may wonder whether there would not be equivalent opportunities for individual development, responsibility, and initiative in the "public corporation." The rationale of this institution—so prominent in Britain today—is freedom for management on day-to-day decisions with ultimate responsibility to Parliament. Local and regional autonomy, moreover, make for further flexibility. One might almost argue that such public institutions provide outlets for capacities unfulfilled in private industry. At any rate, it is a fact that Henry Simons, considered by many a symbol of American liberalism, recognized the likelihood that competition might not work effectively in railroads, utilities, and other basic indus-

tries, and in such cases openly preferred nationalization to state regulation.

Nevertheless, in these days, when equality of incomes so dominates the policy thinking of our statesmen and economists, Stigler's account of the classical position is especially timely. Adam Smith and J. S. Mill, it appears, doubted that equalizing incomes must increase satisfactions of consumption because they believed men's satisfactions were much affected by memories of *past* incomes and by incomes of their neighbors. And one must agree that the modern Keynesian call for equality to raise consumer spending apparently loses its political and ethical fashionableness when the time comes to check inflation. On the other hand, it seems that liberals have always accepted greater equality *as a value in itself*, though they emphasize equality of inherited wealth, educational opportunities, and so on rather than equality of incomes for using given abilities.

The remaining three lectures deal more strictly with theoretical questions.

HARVEY LEVIN

Verse Chronicle

UNDER the Greek title "Khaire" (Rejoice!) we are presented with seventy-one poems by E. E. Cummings, his first substantial collection since 1938 (Oxford, \$2.50). Delightful in the item, save for the occasional ghastly-sentimental or the downright nasty, (pages 24 and 46, if anybody wants to take the trouble of looking up), in the mass these poems are a little, what shall we say, otiose. For a private convention can become monotonous perhaps more quickly than a public one; to read seventy-one lyrics of Cummings straight through is like reading a hundred Cavalier lyrics in succession. The lilt and the lift and the grace, the spontaneity and the affirmation, the being on the side of life and people and springtime, as against winter and death and stuffed shirts, are wonderful as ever; one responds, happily, to the invitation of the title. And yet—well, maybe it's a morbid and Puritan nature that distrusts a *persistent* gaiety. There is something, I think, in his own sense of the word, a little unbecoming about Cummings; now that he approaches years of discre-

tion, he might risk the challenge to his certainly established originality by accepting, and at the same time resisting, the imposition of more traditional forms. More in the direction of the poem on page 53, less in the direction of the one on page 55; and that will be enough carping for the present.

Alfred Hayes, how long ago it seems, used to write exhortations to the barricades rather in the manner of T. S. Eliot. In "Welcome to the Castle" (Harper, \$2.50) he brings manner and matter more nearly together, showing, particularly in *As a Young Man*, that he has profited from a study of Auden. The writing is a good deal tighter than it used to be, less rhetorical, the observation more precise and specific. Part I: *The Being a Soldier* I find more interesting than Part II: *A Facsimile of Home*, the looking outward, however sadly and elegiacally, at the ruins of Italy being more convincing than a kind of theatricality in the sorrow for the returned self.

Another elegy, another echo of time past, comes in the form of "Elegia," a translation, in Spanish, of a poem by Edwin Rolfe which has never appeared in English. The translation was made in Mexico by the poet's friend J. Rubia Barcia, and printed in that country by another poet from Spain, Manolo Altolaguirre. I do not know what price is set on this nicely printed eight-page leaflet. The translator has given the original the eloquent rhetoric of so much of the Spanish verse that was written at the time of the civil war, and some of the fight that was in us in those days comes across time: "Y yo pienso: Gran cosa es ser hombre/solo cuando el hombre tiene dignidad y hombría . . . y en nuestro mundo nada se dijo con más orgullo/en aquellos tres agonizantes años que *Yo vengo de Madrid*."

"Jerusalem Has Many Faces," by Judah Stampfer (Farrar, Straus; \$2.75), is the work of a young man of twenty-six, a student in American universities and a fighter for fourteen months in war around Palestine. This volume was awarded the Abram Leon Sacher prize for the best unpublished piece of creative Jewish writing during the past year. Mr. Stampfer has responded, this work indicates, to more than one kind of experience; those most deeply felt have

not always produced the best poems, which is a very smug criticism to offer indeed, considering the nature of that experience. The music varies, some of it conventional, some of it experimental. As compared with Mr. Hayes's book, for instance, Mr. Stampfer's is much less self-pitiful, and for all the grimness there is a kind of tough gaiety, not at all sentimental. There is also a very rich sensuous quality which I hope in time will overpower and beat down Mr. Stampfer's impulses toward the declarative.

"Involuntary Witness," by Joseph Warren Beach (Macmillan, \$1.50); "This Time, This Tide," by Rosamond Haas (Dutton, \$2.75); and "Guide to the Ruins," by Howard Nemerov (Random House, \$2.50) seem to me of academic or ephemeral interest. And I suppose I had better leave myself more space to discuss "Mid-Century American Poets" (Twayne, \$4), edited by John Ciardi. Fifteen American poets "who came to prominence within the last decade," three of them Pulitzer prize-winners, have made selections from their works for this volume and have also made statements of their ideas about poetry, their own or others'.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES



S. LANE
FAISON, JR.

FROM Boston, via a brief sojourn in Washington, comes the first opportunity the American public has had to assess the work of the Norwegian artist Edvard Munch (1863-1944), one of the pioneers of expressionism in modern art. The large retrospective, currently on view at the Museum of Modern Art, contains more than sixty paintings, plus a small but adequate sample of the hundred lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts which were originally shown in Boston.

Over seven hundred graphic works by Munch are known, and only by these has he been represented until now in this country. As the paintings in the exhibition span the years from 1881 to 1942, and the emphasis is very properly placed on the decade 1892-1901, when Munch's most enduring work was produced, one feels that his genius, what-

ever it was, has ample chance to make itself felt. I do not choose to take very seriously the plea of J. H. Langaard, director of the Municipal Collections of Oslo, in his introduction to the catalogue, that Munch "is in the same situation as so many great Italian masters of the Renaissance: much that is most excellent and most central in his enormous production can only be seen in the place where it was painted." Langaard is referring particularly to the large decorations, in oil, for the assembly hall of Oslo University. To some extent these paintings are variants or extensions of oils in the current exhibition, for example, *Bathing Men*; and it is altogether doubtful that we are in the position of having to judge a new Masaccio from a few tempera panels, without benefit of inspecting the frescoes through which alone he can justly be approached.

The time lag in the knowledge of Munch's paintings is one of the curiosities that attend this retrospective. Munch himself is the chief cause of it. He was a hoarder of his own work, filling up several studio houses with it, and he constantly made new variants of old themes, often working, apparently, from one or more of the earlier versions, whether in oil or in a graphic medium, which he kept available as a point of departure. This practice provides a clue for a tentative estimate. One of the finest of the later paintings, *The Sick Child* (1926), which appears in reproduction on the cover of the catalogue, is a case in point. In my opinion it easily outstrips all the other pictures in the last gallery of the exhibition. But the visitor has already seen the head of the child in a color lithograph of 1896, which has a greater power and tenderness, and the catalogue indicates that there is a still earlier variant in oil of 1885-86.

What we are offered, then, is not the evolution of a theme, as in the *Mont Saint Victoires* of Cézanne, but a sort of obsession which gives rise to replicamaking, more or less irrespective of time and the artist's own development. For *The Sick Child* is no isolated example. *The Cry*—a solitary figure who screams out his neuroses against a swiftly receding landscape under a portentous vermilion sky—exists in at least two oil versions (one of 1893), as well

as in the lithograph of two years later. *Girls on the Bridge* (1901) gives rise to a color woodcut (plus color lithography) in 1920. *The Dance of Life* is a recurring theme, and the *Frieze of Life*, subject of some of the Oslo murals, is a sort of summation of Munch's iconography.

"Munch did not aim chiefly," says Langaard, "at producing isolated works of art." "[This feature of his work] allows us to see an art which regards itself as a means of searching and plumbing the mystery of life and the universe." This statement can hardly be improved upon for accuracy. But it unconsciously lays bare a grave weakness of Munch's art, what seems a weakness, at any rate, to anyone like myself with a healthy prejudice in favor of works of art able to stand precisely *in isolation*, within their own frames, as integral visual objectifications of the mind's-eye of the painter.

In the 1880's, when Munch was in his twenties, he was clearly no prodigy. The exhibited works from this period are full of reflections of the sort of imitative realism which was internationally in vogue except among the impressionists. As late as 1891 there was a marked division in his style. *Spring Day on the Karl Johann* is a stiffly gay little picture in the vein of Pissarro of that moment, even to the influence of Seurat's dotted application of paint. *Evening: Yellow Boat*, painted in the same year, is vastly different. A head in a kind of pained trance dominates the lower right corner; a shore swerves sharply into the distance, stabbing the muted twilight tones with its dark edges and formations; the sky echoes, though faintly, this linear upheaval of the massive calm. Here is the first unequivocal Munch in the exhibition.

In the ensuing decade come the forceful if neurotic works on which Munch's reputation as a painter can properly rest. *The Cry*, *Anxiety*, *By the Death Bed*, *The Day After*, and *Melancholia* are among the good ones. Puberty is undoubtedly the best, partly because its psychological terror engenders expressive shapes, as well as colors, in the picture itself: the squashed horizontal oval of the girl's face, from which her eyes stare with poignant effect, the abrupt x-shape of her crossed arms, accentuating the unwelcome voluptuousness of

her thighs, and above all the extraordinarily sinister bluish "shadow," an apparition shaped like an inverted cello. Professor Deknatel's catalogue of the exhibition is full of useful information and references, but he is guilty of a bad critical lapse when he interprets this shape as merely "shadow from a single source—doubtless a candle—beyond the picture frame to the left."

The Dance of Life illustrates well Munch's philosophical-allegorical turn of mind. Against a Kelly-green ground parades the cycle of Innocence (girl with flaxen hair in a white dress); Experience (in scarlet, of course), and Disillusion (black). It is interspersed with couples whose actions suit the changing mood, and punctuated by the moon and its reflection, symbolized as in several other works by a bluntly phallic shape. Here is a work perilously laden with extra cargo. Its curvilinear shapes exert their own brand of Art Nouveau impact. (Gauguin's burlap mural at Boston, *Who Are We, Whence Do We Come, Whither Are We Going?* slightly antedates *The Dance of Life* and shows that Munch had no monopoly on these teleological obsessions.) But Munch leans too heavily on his subject matter. As painting, it is too full of barren passages. Shall mere emptiness stand for the quality of loneliness?

In his remarkably direct portrait of his sister Inger (1892), the figure stands full length in a nearly symmetrical pose, but far to the right of center in an otherwise empty picture space. Visitors to the exhibition may judge for themselves whether the resultant feeling of isolation is projected pictorially or by mental association. To put it another way, do the slight turn of the head, the angle of the skirt at lower left, and the emphasis on a spot in the dress nearby, plus the artist's signature—do these really compensate for all this emptiness? I think not.

Among the problems brought into focus by this admirable exhibition is the relation between Munch's painting and his graphic work. When there is a repetition of theme—and this is frequent enough—the oil, or an oil, always comes first. In virtually all such cases I prefer the graphic variant for its greater concentration within the picture space—

The Kiss is perhaps the best example—and its greater concern with the physical facts of picture making. I do not wish to seem ungrateful for this unique opportunity to study Munch's painting in saying that it confirms a belief that he was, after all, most inventive in woodcut. Many of his lithographs too, such as *Anxiety*, are strongly influenced by his woodcuts. Furthermore, it was through this medium, apparently, that he exerted his most powerful effect on the German expressionists after the turn of the century.

Another problem concerns expressionism itself. When the neuroses lie so close to the surface, when they and the "story" are only partially transformed into the language of vision, does not such expression soon exhaust itself? Would the Germans themselves survive large one-man retrospectives? Does expressionism, especially when tied to philosophical allegory, encourage a complex pictorial evolution? Munch's later works often reflect, in their changed palette, Matisse and the Fauves, but the best of them, in my opinion, are the dark and brooding ones.

FACTS ON FILM

BY MARY ANNE GUITAR

TWO brand-new labor documentaries, "With These Hands" and "Union at Work," show that unions have become more sophisticated in the art of film-making. While that classic in the field, "Deadline for Action," made by the United Electrical Workers several years ago, remains a mark to shoot at in terms of crisp, dramatic values, these two new arrivals are more subtle and exciting. ("Deadline for Action" is obtainable through Film Program Services, 1173 Sixth Avenue, New York. It runs thirty-eight minutes; rental \$7.50, sale price \$110.)

The makers of the usual union films tend to follow a rigid and well-worn plot line. We open with Mr. Average Guy, who is so average he's a caricature. Shooting around him, the camera skims the surface of his industry and seldom succeeds in giving the spectator a grasp of its problems. Enter the organizer, who is pictured alternately sidling up to a prospect and haranguing a crowd. With monotonous regularity, the shirt-

sleeved crowd gathers in a field or in front of a store. When the organizer's work goes well, he is set upon by the anti-labor forces, who generally toss a brick through the window, write warnings on the wall, beat him up, and escape in the night. Political action is suggested with a shot of the White House. Union and organizer finally pull through, and the film ends as Mr. Average Guy smiles down at a wife who suddenly appears on the screen.

Despite the contrived course of events, films of this sort often manage to communicate the poignancy of the struggle for a better working life. It is unfortunate that they are not more imaginative and human. The average one-dimensional screen account of union activity just doesn't do the facts justice.

"Union at Work," however, made by the Textile Workers Union of America (C. I. O.), does a good job. Though it follows the accepted structure pretty closely, it projects its message effectively. The message is clear but not hammered in, which may be one reason why the film seems so honest. Attempting to cover labor history, organizing, collective bargaining, strikes, grievance handling, political action, and union democracy as seen through the eyes of an organizer, it presents a good superficial picture of what a union is and how it operates. Necessarily handicapped by the extensive material to be covered, the producers have settled for a kaleidoscopic treatment which may be disappointing to those who could absorb more detail. As a basic film to be shown to schools, civic groups, union recruits, "Union at Work" stands out. The selling price is \$60, rental \$4. It runs twenty-four minutes and may be obtained from the Textile Workers Union, 99 University Place, New York.

"With These Hands," made by the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, attempts to do the same definitive job and handles it more lavishly and professionally. This feature-length picture covers forty years of union history, forcefully analyzing trends and developments. It is a warmer, more persuasive film than the other, full of dash and color. Sam Levene plays the worker through those eyes the story is told. When the commercial run is finished, sixteen-millimeter arrangements will be made. It will be shown in theaters across

the country during the next few months.

Quite a few unions have gone all out on one big film to immortalize their particular group. The most serious gap in union documentaries—the lack of training and problem films—has not been satisfactorily filled. Progressive unions which have film distribution set-ups to supply material to grass-roots locals complain they must use general films on parliamentary procedure and public speaking which are not specially geared to union needs. The problem-film division is somewhat better off.

"Industry's Disinherited" is a good example of a documentary that throws light on a specific problem. Made for the United Electrical Workers by Union Films, it examines the pension issue. Implicit in the film is a political message which states, in substance, that you can't have both pensions and aid to Europe, and that pensions must come first. Aside from this debatable premise the film does a fine job of selling the idea of industry pensions. A hard-hitting production, it contains many exciting scenes. United Films, 111 West 88th Street, New York, distributes it. It runs twenty minutes, sells for \$100, rents for \$10, with 50 per cent off on both to schools and unions.

Lack of a distribution center for documentary films has limited their use by labor groups. But the situation is being remedied through the efforts of union education departments. The T. W. U. A. introduced a film service two years ago and now handles over one hundred rentals a month. Its catalogue is worth sending for. Such regional groups as the Film Center, located at the Highlander Folk School, Monteagle, Tennessee, are also cooperating. The Center intends to produce as well as distribute. It is bringing films to isolated Southern groups, among them Negro locals whose members have never seen any sort of movie because of Jim Crowism. Its publicity material is interesting and may be obtained on request.

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Music

B. H.
HAGGIN

FOR its tenth anniversary season at the Center Theater Ballet Theater added four new works to its older repertory: Tudor's "Nimbus" (music by Louis Gruenberg, scenery by Oliver Smith, costumes by Saul Bolasni); Dollar's "Jeux" (music by Debussy, scenery and costumes by David Folkes); Taras's "Designs with Strings" (music by Tchaikovsky, setting by Irene Sharaff); and Herbert Ross's "Caprichos" (music by Bartok, costumes by Helen Pons).

Taras's designs had no imaginative life in them; and the lovely, infinitely ingenious variation movement of Tchaikovsky's Piano Trio made one recall longingly its previous choreographic setting by Massine—the second scene of "Aleko," with Chagall's scenery and the unforgettable dancing of Markova and Laing, Lazovsky, Hightower, and the rest. Dollar's piece was more interestingly inventive in its danced tennis-play at the beginning, its flirtation and love-making later, but didn't remain interesting and clear in expressive point all the way to the end. Tudor's—longer and more elaborate, and set to a bad piece of music—was unusual for him in having

a story idea that was slight and simple and light in tone and that was worked out almost entirely in dancing rather than miming, and in dancing for the entertainment of the spectator, I would say, rather than for tearing at his heart: long dance sequences in all dance styles—classical ballet, polite ballroom, rowdy nightclub, smart musical-show, humorous caricature, Tudor-romantic-love, etc. And as entertainment it entertained, mildly.

But "Caprichos" struck with impact. The impact, for one thing, of the horribleness—frightening, fascinating, even funny in a grim way that should have frozen the audience's laughter—of the four episodes elaborating Goya's commentaries on certain of his "Caprichos" series. And the impact also of the astonishingly developed and assured powers, in so young a choreographer, that produced all this with such individuality of imagination and style, such completeness and precision.

New works aside, there was pleasure in seeing again Balanchine's "Theme and Variations," for me the most excitingly beautiful and distinguished piece in the company's repertory; Loring's masterpiece, "Billy the Kid"; Robbins's "Fancy Free" (which he ought to clean up). Walking out on Gollner's hammed-up "Swan Lake" performance one mourned the company's loss of Alonso just when she had begun to dance with beautiful quiet and serenity; but for the rest there was only pleasure in watching the similar quiet and elegance of Youskevitch (he should be persuaded to wear a wig in the old classical ballets and *pas de deux*), in noting what superb dancers, in every style, Nora Kaye and John Kriza had developed into in those ten years, what a superb dancer Laing, in his special style, continued to be, the security Diana Adams had achieved in her cool, clear, lovely style (one that doesn't include the bravura brilliance for "Theme and Variations"), the high level of competence of the other soloists and the *corps de ballet*. The pleasure would have been even greater in another theater—not merely one less vast than the Center, but one without the badly placed orchestra pit and the over-sized apron that interposed themselves between performers and audience and increased their remoteness from each other.

As for the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, of its great Balanchine repertory only "Ballet Imperial" and the third act of "Raymonda" were presented at the Metropolitan last April. "Le Baiser de la fée," "Mozartiana," "The Night Shadow," and "Le Bourgeois gentil-homme" were no longer even included in the repertory listed in the souvenir program; and though "Dances Concertantes" was listed I doubt that it will be performed again. They have been replaced by trivialities and guest stars. The company's glory is still Danilova, who in New York did occasionally exhibit the surviving splendors of her "Coppelia" and "Nutcracker" performances, but elsewhere—even in Boston—is seen mostly in the trivialities (Boston may have seen "Dances Concertantes" in 1944-45; but it hasn't seen it since then. The work was announced, but invariably replaced—on one occasion by "Frankie and Johnny," I believe).

The new edition of Karsavina's "Theater Street" (Dutton, \$4) has a new chapter about Diaghilev. This dreamily fragmentary account needs to be filled in with other accounts—those of Nicolas Nabokov in recent issues of the *Atlantic Monthly*, of Lifar in his books. Nabokov gave a fascinating description of Diaghilev's creative powers in action; and with all his obvious extravagance and probable inaccuracy Lifar is valuable on the personality, for he writes with adoration and yet the picture comes through clearly of a complicated and tormented man who tormented others, a monster who made the company the collection of monsters it was described as to me by someone who observed it at close range for a number of years.

CONTRIBUTORS

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Letters to the Editors

A Farce in Korea?

Dear Sirs: I have been reading *The Nation* most of the time since 1910 and I am trying to stay with you liberals, but your editorial on Korea in the issue of July 8 just about gets me. You admit that the government of South Korea was rotten, corrupt, cruel, in fact a bunch of murderers, yet you condemn the government of North Korea for trying to overthrow it by force. What a farce! Don't you believe that any people who were able and intelligent enough to invade Spain and overthrow Franco and establish socialism would be doing a good thing? I do, and would be glad to join in such a movement.

This fad about not interfering in the internal affairs of another nation is just subterfuge to protect our own racket. It is only a question of what is right. The end does justify the means sometimes.

We are just afraid to stand for what is right if it is unpopular. But our chief trouble is ignorance.

J. HAYDEN MOORE, SR.

Midlothian, Tex., July 3

To a Threatened World

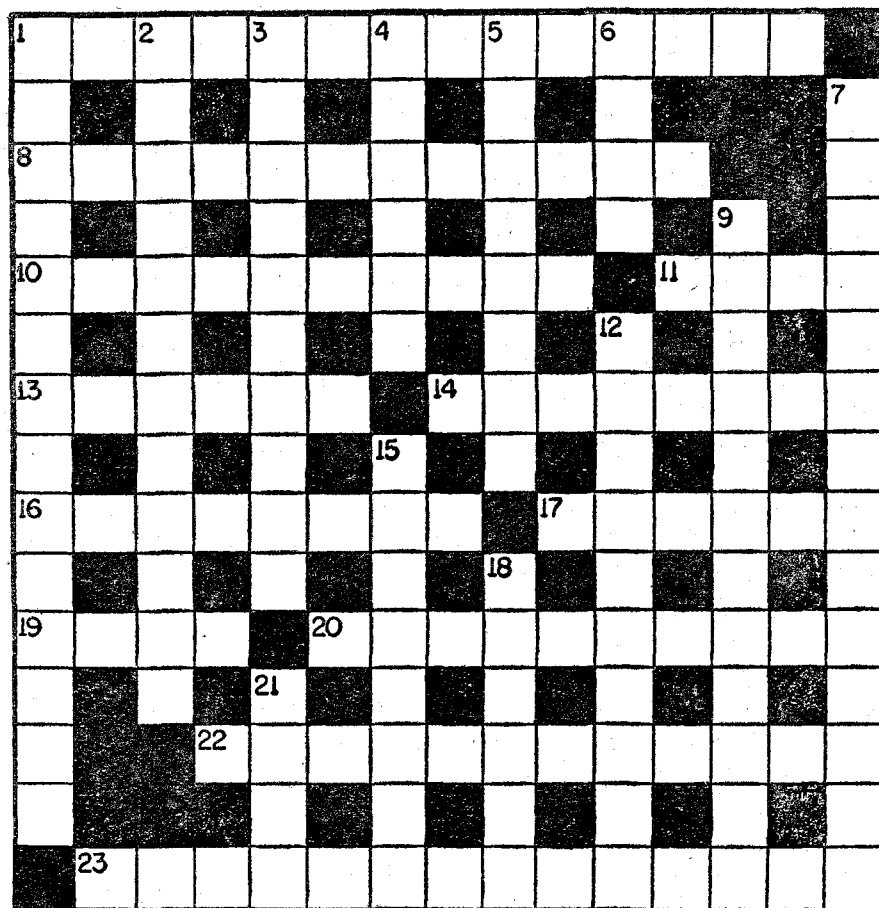
[The following letter has been circulated by its authors and others for the past several months; it was sent to *The Nation* before the outbreak of hostilities in Korea. Last week its authors sanctioned its publication at this time despite the Korean developments. "In the light, or shadow, of present events," Mrs. Laing explained, "there is a surface sadness in this document. But its basic long-run truths remain." And then she added: "Naturally, some cautious citizens believe our idea issued hot from the Kremlin hell. What can you do with minds that think of peace as a Russian invention? Send them to live with the Soviet scientists?"—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Dear Sirs: Moved by the world's great danger, we, the Responsibles, have drawn together in fellowship, and we ask others to join us under that name. Our means and objectives will take shape within the wide sense given by Webster to the word "responsibility": "state of being responsible, or answerable, as for a trust, debt, or obligation."

We feel personally answerable for the moral climate of fear, hatred, and despair which deepens the cleavage of

Crossword Puzzle No. 371

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Down to earth humor! (9, 5)
- 8 Means of making a comeback. (6, 6)
- 10 Behaves like an eager beaver. (10)
- 11 A pleasant sort. (4)
- 13 A homeless puppy, and how he went? (6)
- 14 How commuters travel. (2, 3, 3)
- 16 "The Rock" of the underworld. (8)
- 17 It makes tyres go round. (6)
- 19 One of those who spun thread, measured it, or severed it? (4)
- 20 Round-up time is different without you. (10)
- 22 Producing shows like White? (12)
- 23 Ways of dumping stock on the market? (9, 5)

DOWN

- 1 A business of one's own. (8, 6)
- 2 Establish as the real McCoy. (12)
- 3 The true are in Indiana. (5, 5)
- 4 Lower rent for the little snip! (6)
- 5 Without it you'd be nowhere. (8)

6 Exclamatory molding. (4)

7 Tough guys, perhaps, but they have hearts of gold! (4-6, 4)

9 Distinctive part of your car. (12)

12 An interest diverts one. (10)

15 I am Satan down under. (8)

18 Design of a hospiceless insomniac. (6)

21 Legal records play a part. (4)

— * —

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 370

ACROSS:—1 and 13 DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSSROADS; 9 WATCHES; 10 and 21 down THERMOSTATS; 11 IPECAC; 12 MANSARDS; 14 SPEARED; 17 ERATO; 19 SLIPPED; 21 TRAPPERS; 25 TSARINA; 26 LATIMER; 27 STATES EVIDENCE.

DOWN:—1 and 15 across DOWN IN THE DUMPS; 2 RATTERS; 3 YO HEAVE HO; 4 OSSA; 5 KITH AND KIN; 6 THEWS; 7 HUMDRUM; 8 ISIS; 15 DEPOSITED; 16 SHADE TREE; 18 ADAMANT; 20 DRAYMAN; 22 POINT; 24 and 23 SLAVE STATE.

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mankind today; and we hold ourselves individually obligated to use all our strength to change that climate to one of courage, charity, and hope. We know that differences always must exist between individuals, between institutions, between peoples, and that quarrels will arise from these differences; yet there are areas of common interest between them which tend to be fundamental and universal, while the differences tend to be superficial and transient.

We are all mortal creatures needing sleep, food, safe shelter. We are all human beings, desiring congenial occupation, leisure, and love. What, then, are our differences, over which we habitually murder one another? They are differences of methods used to attain these simple human ends, and differences in our ways of expressing our attitudes toward these methods. We hold that anyone who regards such secondary disagreements as justification for the slaughter of populations is not a responsible person. We believe ourselves to be answerable instead to the humane conscience which the great teachers and saints of our various world cultures have for many centuries fostered in us, in opposition to the savage aspects of our natures. We hold, with them, that all men and women are brothers and sisters, that all aspects of truth are part of one general good. We accept their implication that all nations are one world of related human individuals, under gods that are all one God. We would extend the acceptance of their teaching: that to create and preserve life is good and wise, that to threaten and destroy it is both wicked and stupid.

We believe that the planet Earth is one domicile for men and women who are all equal, a house which no longer can be divided against itself. As responsible men and women we now act to become householders and housekeepers of the world. We seek to keep our world home as we try to keep a smaller one: a place safe for our children and ourselves, where wounds are not deliberately inflicted but are bound up when by accident they occur, and where transgressions are forgiven because of love.

We intend to keep steadily in mind the difference between the words *to destroy*, and *to preserve*. One: "to ruin; to put an end to; to annihilate"; the other: "to keep or save from injury or destruction; to guard or defend from evil."

And if, despite all efforts, we find

ourselves involved again in the use of destruction, we will not mitigate our guilt with evasive names or suppose that there is for us an exemption from the moral law that "all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

We, the Responsibles, believe that any failure of ours to think and to act is culpable; that the recognition of the necessity for action and the personal obligation to act are indivisible. It is our first undertaking to work with all our faith and all our strength toward the establishment of world law and world government and toward the outlawing of war and the weapons of war. It is our permanent task to oppose the power of materialism with the power of the spirit. . . .

In a world of apparently irreconcilable camps—black and white, Fascist and Communist, slave and tyrant—we seek a reconciliation of opposites.

We believe that a method which has been shown to work between individuals can be made to work between nations. This method is to say calmly to the opponent, "If only we can keep talking for long enough, I am sure that we can reach some point where we can begin to agree."

We offer this as a cardinal rule: there must never come a point when disagreeing statesmen will say, it is useless to talk further; we must resort to arms.

We believe that peace in the world begins with peace in the individual. This individual peace springs from an achieved sense of unhurry. The work of the spirit can be neither delayed nor rushed. Whoever holds to this belief, whether persons, nation, or world, cannot be hastened into violence.

We deem it becoming to call ours a fellowship, because it is fluid, informal, and human, rather than institutional. In drawing others to ourselves we do not take them away from existing affiliations. Rather, we seek to unify and to broaden the deep sense of personal responsibility already being translated into moral action by many individuals in many organizations.

All people, of every creed and country, are warmly urged to join with us. We have no officers: each man or woman is responsible to himself or herself, and for all. A signature does not enrol or commit you. It signifies approval of our principles. We have neither membership list nor organization but are, in the words of St. Paul, members of one another. When a number of signatures have been added to any copy of this Letter to a Threatened

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sion among a few who will then go
out and form nuclei of other groups and
meetings will do more for our hopes
than large assemblies.

If your readers feel moved to answer
this letter, they may write in fellowship
to us at Future Farm, Norwich, Ver-
mont.

DILYS and ALEXANDER LAING

Norwich, Vt., June 15

In Unity, Salvation

Dear Sirs: Fritz Sternberg, in Can Eu-
rope Be United? [*The Nation*, June
17], takes the usual "realistic" view:
the nations are following divergent
paths; let them keep on getting farther
apart until they are ready to unite.
Which is absurd if you admit—and
Sternberg does not deny it—that unity
is the way of salvation. "Eventually,
why not now?" The dislocations that
union might cause to certain industries
are minor compared with the disloca-
tions created by war, revolution, or even
a mere depression. The ill effects of
such dislocations could be combated by
a general plan for the rehabilitation of
Europe and Africa. Russia, Germany,
and, during the war years, America have
shown the marvelous results of over-all
planning. Unite for a great positive pur-
pose, and the local troubles will mean
surprisingly little. Obviously union is by
definition incompatible with autarchy,
and it is no less clearly incompatible
with *laissez faire*. ALBERT GUERARD
Honolulu, Hawaii, July 3

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